The Creed of the Kromon, by Philip Martin

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(transcribers note - there are two voice artists credited as Kromon, and a multiplicity of Kromon characters. I've tried my best to work out which is which, but I might not always be right. Anyone got a BFP script that can help me?)

[Part One]

(Hissing noise. Charley is struggling with effort.)
CHARLEY: Oh. Oh, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Keep moving.
CHARLEY: I'm trying
DOCTOR: It's only Interzone resistance.
CHARLEY: Oh, if I can only put one foot ahead of another. Oh, it's no good.
DOCTOR: You mustn't stop, Charley.
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor, we *have* stopped. We're marking time like a pair of clockwork soldiers.
DOCTOR: Keep trying. The force opposing us might give way.
CHARLEY: Oh, we're up against a wall. An invisible wall.
(Buzzing noise.)
CHARLEY: What's that? Insects? Oh, I can't see them but they're all around me. Oh, get off me. No, I can't stand it.
DOCTOR: Charley.
CHARLEY: Over my legs, my arms. Oh, my face!
DOCTOR: Don't acknowledge them. They're from your imagination. Ignore them.
CHARLEY: They're eating me alive! How can I ignore them? I'm their lunch. Oh, I can't stand this. I'm going back.
DOCTOR: We must press on. Where one zone ends another must begin. We might find the Tardis in the next zone.
CHARLEY: Get away! Oh, I can't stand it. Why don't they attack you?
DOCTOR: I've already told you why.
CHARLEY: Oh, they're real. Oh, they're in my hair, my eyes, my mouth. (gags) Oh, they're everywhere.
DOCTOR: Charley, come here.
CHARLEY: Don't touch me.
DOCTOR: I have to, I'm sorry. Stand still, please.
CHARLEY: No. Oh, Doctor, I don't need a hug.
DOCTOR: Su shaka ha!
CHARLEY: What? Oh! Oh! Su sh What was that?
DOCTOR: That's an Okiya warrior cry. Useful for deflecting spirit attacks, dispersing hallucinations. Sort of audio insect spray. Trouble is, it only works once. I haven't had need of it since I was last with the Yaqui Indians.
CHARLEY: I'm bitten, bruised, and for what? All we've gained is a couple of paces.
DOCTOR: And yet the atmosphere seems different. Dryer. We could be crossing a fence. A defence.
CHARLEY: Against what? There's nothing through there but, what, scrubby desert, blue rocks, evil orange sky.
DOCTOR: A fierce red sun.
CHARLEY: Two fierce red suns. Look, over there.
(Crackling noise.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, what's happening?
DOCTOR: Cover your ears. Close your eyes hard. Try to shield your thoughts.

CHARLEY: I can't.
DOCTOR: Charley, do as I say.

KRO'KA: Charley? Charley. Hello there, Charley.
CHARLEY: Who are you?
KRO'KA: They call me the Kro'ka.
CHARLEY: You're inside my head. Get out!
KRO'KA: Charmed, I'm sure. You can't travel through the Interzone without my permission, so it might be better if you were a little (pause) nicer to me, Charley.
CHARLEY: Who are you? What are you?
KRO'KA: Someone trying to do his job.
CHARLEY: You're scuttling through my thoughts. Scram!
KRO'KA: Don't much like anger, and I certainly don't like spirit. Dear, oh dear, this isn't too promising. You're going to have to curb your rebellious tendencies if you wish to take your application further.
CHARLEY: Doctor, are you okay? Can you hear what's going on?
DOCTOR: Yes, yes, I'm here, here.
CHARLEY: Well, help me. There's a voice.
DOCTOR: I'm here. I'm here. Retract, reverse. Reset all coordinates.
(The Kro'ka laughs, or rather wheezes.)
KRO'KA: The Doctor has problems of his own. He's trying to remember his, his mmm, I wonder what *that* is?
CHARLEY: Doctor?
KRO'KA: Oh, I like your mind, Charley. Such a worrier to response. How quaint. You *care* about your companion. How odd you individual entities are.
CHARLEY: Just get lost, will you?
KRO'KA: This is a lack of proper respect. I'm not *just* an Interzone guardian, I am a master of that art. I won't allow insults from would-be immigrants. Apologise.
CHARLEY: No.
KRO'KA: I can hurt you.
CHARLEY: Try.
KRO'KA: A challenge? Oh, thank you. Now then, what scares you? What makes you go ooo er I don't want to remember that. Ah, yes. There, I see. Let's go into that memory.
CHARLEY: No!
KRO'KA: Flames. I see flames burning. Some kind of flying craft, and you are inside. Ooo, very nice. This is a lovely memory, just right for purposes of punishment.
CHARLEY: I don't want to remember.
KRO'KA: But you must.
CHARLEY: No, please.
KRO'KA: The flames spreading, surrounding you.
(Charley whimpers.)
KRO'KA: Burning from end to end. A wonderful sight from outside. Not so good if you're inside, is it? What's that smell? It's fat. It's body fat of others like you, frying in the furnace. And now, it's your turn.
CHARLEY: No, please. Please.
KRO'KA: Goodbye, Charley.
(The R101 collapses in a fireball.)

DOCTOR: (echoing) Charley? Charley.
CHARLEY: I'm here, next to you. Are we in the same place?
DOCTOR: Yes. We've experienced mind games designed to turn us away from entering this new zone. What do they have to hide?
CHARLEY: I'm not likely to find out, am I.
DOCTOR: Why?
CHARLEY: Because I'm pinned to the ground.
DOCTOR: Oh yes, so am I. How annoying.
CHARLEY: Why can't I move? I want to stand up. Why can't I?

DOCTOR: We're held down by what must be a psychotronic force.
CHARLEY: I was carried back to the R101 by this creepy voice.
DOCTOR: Yes, he tried to slip into my thoughts. I managed to shut him out. He had to content himself with distorting my most potent synapses of memory. He led me to imagine the Tardis was in free fall towards a maelstrom of antimatter.
KRO'KA: Sorry to interrupt, Doctor. Did you think you'd lost your big blue whatever that was? Oh, hello again, Charley. Feeling a little crispy? Good to know you're both all right now.
DOCTOR: It was an entertaining trick. What else can you do, pull eggs out of people' ears?
KRO'KA: Oh, I can do all sorts of tricks. Perhaps I'll show you some more later, yes? Now we must get on. Forms to fill in, procedures to follow. Question one. Do you still wish to enter the zone of Eutermes?
DOCTOR: If you will be kind enough to allow it.
KRO'KA: Ooo, very deferential. Charley, you should take lessons from him. Now, of course we can't just let anyone enter. You must have something to offer. Would you describe yourself as being an asset to society?
DOCTOR: I most certainly would.
KRO'KA: Your technical skills might be some use, but what about Charley here?
DOCTOR: Well, we'd find her something to do.
CHARLEY: Thanks, Doctor.
KRO'KA: I think we'd best take another look into what passes as her mind, just to confirm her potential.
CHARLEY: Don't you care, Doctor? Stop him.
DOCTOR: Think one thought, and one thought only. Concentrate on an object. Anything. A plate of jam tarts.
CHARLEY: I can't do it. I hate jam tarts.
DOCTOR: Then order your synaptic dendritic tendrils to remain dormant.
CHARLEY: What? My denudi what?
(The Kro'ka laughs.)
KRO'KA: Very good. He's deliberately confused you. I can't make head nor tail of what you're thinking.
CHARLEY: That's two of us.
KRO'KA: Oh, let us get on. Question number two. What is the purpose of your visit?
DOCTOR: Pleasure.
KRO'KA: What's that?
DOCTOR: Satisfaction.
CHARLEY: Joy.
KRO'KA: A feeling you might experience when you discover what you're searching for?
DOCTOR: We're just a couple of sightseers. Ouch!
KRO'KA: Lying makes the coils tighten, Doctor. Tell the truth if you wish to carry on breathing. That image you conjured up of an oblong box, is that what you hope to find in Zone Eutermes? Think, Doctor, or a tight spot might become even tighter.
DOCTOR: Er, yes. I am on the lookout for my Tardis.
KRO'KA: Tardis! Taaaardisssssss. What is that? Your home? A hideaway? No, more a conveyance.
DOCTOR: Yes, something like that.
KRO'KA: Such things should not exist. I'm sorry, your application has been refused. Goodbye, Doctor.
CHARLEY: Wait!
KRO'KA: Well?
CHARLEY: The Tardis is all of those things.
KRO'KA: And more, perhaps?
CHARLEY: Perhaps.
KRO'KA: Does this Tardis possess technology suitable for space exploration?
DOCTOR: It could do, but of course, we have to locate it first.
KRO'KA: Yes. I have realised that's why you're here.

DOCTOR: And we can't do that while pinned to the ground by you here.
CHARLEY: We can hardly breathe.
KRO'KA: I suppose you do need to breathe, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I suppose I do.
KRO'KA: All right, I will allow you to continue your search. There are people you will meet who will be interested in your, your Tardis and its technology. Perhaps you will help them. Release.
CHARLEY: Oh!
DOCTOR: Thank you.
CHARLEY: Oh, Kro'ka?
KRO'KA: Yes?
CHARLEY: Can we just go?
KRO'KA: Didn't I just say so? Yes, permission to enter Zone Eutermes is hereby granted.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
KRO'KA: Goodbye, Doctor, Charley. Report, Kro'ka two point seven oh. The experiment has begun.

(Footsteps on crunchy ground.)
CHARLEY: So I wonder where we are?
DOCTOR: Well, the landscape seems the same as we saw earlier.
CHARLEY: Yeah, dry and dusty. Blech.
DOCTOR: Parched. Look at the lines on those hills. Evidence of water courses.
CHARLEY: Once, maybe, but not now. Perhaps Eutermes is suffering a drought?
DOCTOR: The trees are dying. Their roots are cut off from what was once a river.
CHARLEY: Why wouldn't the Kro'ka let us through? What's to hide?
DOCTOR: There must be life somewhere. There must be technological development.
CHARLEY: The Kro'ka seemed interested in the Tardis.
DOCTOR: Yes. It was almost as it he was letting us in hoping we might somehow locate it.
CHARLEY: Why?
DOCTOR: We can worry about his interest when we find the old girl.
CHARLEY: Yeah, I never thought I'd miss her so much. Look, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Where?
CHARLEY: Far distance, left.
DOCTOR: No, there's dust. Ah, yes.
CHARLEY: Lumps. Lumps sticking up, see?
DOCTOR: Yes. That's where the Eutermeses must live. Biospheres.
CHARLEY: They must be huge to stand out at this distance.
DOCTOR: Listen.
(Energy sound, then weapons fire in rapid bursts.)
DOCTOR: Down!
CHARLEY: Is it firing at us?
DOCTOR: No. Look, over there. A shadow running. See? I've lost him. I can't see.
CHARLEY: What? Oh, there. He's human, sort of.
DOCTOR: Where's he gone?
CHARLEY: Can't see. He's the same colour as the rocks. There he is, running. Oh, no!
(Boom!)
CHARLEY: Ah!
DOCTOR: They killed him.
CHARLEY: They're coming back for us. Run, Doctor!
DOCTOR: No point.
CHARLEY: Why don't they fire at us too?
DOCTOR: They're observing us, maybe recording our images. Seeking advice from the Kro'ka, perhaps?

(Energy sound fades away.)
DOCTOR: We must have clearance. Charley, where
CHARLEY: Doctor, this creature just moved.
DOCTOR: Creature? He looks a lot like you.
CHARLEY: Thanks a lot.
DOCTOR: Oh, come on, Charley. Open your mind. Of course, I don't recognise the species, but trapped here I wouldn't expect to. Basic humanoid form. You know, two arms, two legs. Charley, say hello to the first person we've met in our new home.
CHARLEY: Doctor, is that bone running across its, his head, on the outside?
DOCTOR: Vestigial exoskeleton, perhaps. Notice it comes from the back of the neck straight over and round the eyes, nose, and mouth. Probably ancient protection that evolved away over the years. You are familiar with Darwin, aren't you?
CHARLEY: No, Doctor. I didn't 'ave no education, me, guv.
DOCTOR: I met Charles once. Managed to put him off reptiles for life. Well, almost. Anyway, he'd have been fascinated by this fellow.
CHARLEY: Doctor, he moved!
DOCTOR: Reflex, perhaps. No, you're right. He's trembling, shaking.
CHARLEY: He's alive!
DOCTOR: His skin is wrinkled, cracking. Dehydration. He needs water, to be immersed in water. We'll carry him to the river. I saw some pools there. Take his legs. Hurry!
CHARLEY: All right, Doctor. Give me a chance. Oh!

(Splashing in running water. The alien begins to revive.)
C'RIZZ: Am I dead and gone to Samor, then?
CHARLEY: Samor?
DOCTOR: Heaven, perhaps, or Elysium?
CHARLEY: Oh, his eyes, they're open. Look at them. Yellow, like a jungle cat.
DOCTOR: Have you noticed his skin tones? They've lightened in the water.
CHARLEY: Almost blue, like a chameleon. More natural defence mechanisms, perhaps. His people were possibly preyed upon once rather than being the hunters. And the people in that craft were shooting at him.
DOCTOR: Yes, Charley, you may well be right. Good to see the odd bit of my intellect has rubbed off on you during our travels.
((The alien wakes with a start.)
C'RIZZ: Ah! Who are you? Monsters. Monsters everywhere. Haven't you hurt me enough?
DOCTOR: I am the Doctor. This is Charlotte.
CHARLEY: Charley, to my friends.
C'RIZZ: Drink. Drink. Please, let me drink.
CHARLEY: Here. Oh, no cup, just my hands.
C'RIZZ: (gulps) Again. More. More. Let me go into the waters. I need to drink deep.
CHARLEY: All right.
(Splashing.)
DOCTOR: Stop him. Stop him. He's trying to drown.
CHARLEY: Hey, keep still. What are you doing? We're trying to help you, stupid.
DOCTOR: We won't harm you. Stop, please. Please, stop this.
C'RIZZ: What have you done with L'Da?
CHARLEY: L'Da? What? Who is L'Da?
C'RIZZ: I can't bear being without her. Oh, give me the elixir if that's what I must do to be with her.
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Wait. This elixir of which you speak, what will it do?
C'RIZZ: Make me a king. King C'Rizz.
(pronounced Ker-iz)
CHARLEY: You don't really want that.
C'RIZZ: Don't I?

CHARLEY: You were running away. Not exactly a kingly attribute.
DOCTOR: Charley!
C'RIZZ: I wanted to find my home, my piece of land, my village, but it's all dust. Oh, L'Da, L'Da.
(pronounced Lyda.)
DOCTOR: Who is L'Da?
C'RIZZ: The woman I was to join with for life.
DOCTOR: Did you escape from one of the biospheres?
C'RIZZ: Alpha Sphere. I got free. They hunted me down. I stumbled, fell, knocked myself out. They must have thought I was dead. Are they coming back? I can hear them.
CHARLEY: It's just the wind blowing dead tree branches.
DOCTOR: Who was it sent that gunship after you?
C'RIZZ: Who do you think?
DOCTOR: We've only just arrived.
C'RIZZ: Why would anyone come here, of all the places on Eutermes?
DOCTOR: We have something we have to find.
C'RIZZ: I pity you. You have come to an evil place.
CHARLEY: Why?
C'RIZZ: There is a blight, brought by the Kromon. They put a curse upon the land.
DOCTOR: The Kromon?
C'RIZZ: I have no more strength. I have nothing more to give or to say. But you're right, Charlotte. To run away was not worthy. I must return, free L'Da.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, wait.
DOCTOR: You must rest. We all must. Tomorrow we will decide what direction is best to take.

C'RIZZ: I will not speak. I will not say what I have seen. I ask only that you don't harm L'Da.
CHARLEY: Hey, C'Rizz, stop. Stop. Doctor, help me. He's trying to get up.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, you've suffered a bad dream, that's all.
C'RIZZ: Wasn't a dream. Memory. Oh.
CHARLEY: Was it about the Kromon?
DOCTOR: We're not your enemy, C'Rizz. Please, believe that.
CHARLEY: You spoke of someone you love. L'Da?
DOCTOR: Is she in danger?
C'RIZZ: Danger? No, she's being well cared for.
CHARLEY: Who by?
C'RIZZ: Who do you think?
DOCTOR: The Kromon.
C'RIZZ: Yes.
DOCTOR: You hate them because they've taken L'Da from you.
C'RIZZ: No, I don't know what happened. I was inducted, taken with L'Da to Alpha Sphere. There were hundreds of us. We were graded, assessed for work and usefulness, divided into groups. Everyone was herded away until only L'Da and I were left. We were told we were chosen as the Elect. Designated as potential royals.
DOCTOR: What does that mean?
C'RIZZ: I never found out.
DOCTOR: Are the Kromon native to this zone?
C'RIZZ: Zone?
DOCTOR: To, to here. This country, this world.
C'RIZZ: No, they're not like us. Like giant isoptera.
CHARLEY: Isoptera? Oh, ants.
DOCTOR: Termites, to be more precise. Go on.
C'RIZZ: They have big heads with antennae, horns, mouths that can tear you, sacs of poison in their throats to sting or kill.
CHARLEY: They sound delightful. Can't wait to meet them.
C'RIZZ: Don't joke, Charlotte.

CHARLEY: Please, it's just Charley.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, did the Kromon construct the biospheres?
C'RIZZ: Yes, I think so.
DOCTOR: They dictate what goes on inside?
C'RIZZ: They control everything. Everyone.
CHARLEY: But not you.
C'RIZZ: No.
DOCTOR: How did you escape?
C'RIZZ: We were given a liquid to drink. Clear, bitter tasting, strange. They called it the Elixir. Poor L'Da drank, then I did too, but I couldn't keep it down. My body rebelled, but I'd absorbed enough to act the way they wanted me to be. We were taken into a chamber where they said the scrolls were kept. This knowledge, the secret history of the Kromon, was to be imparted to us. We were to be prepared so as to become part of the Kromon when required.
CHARLEY: How?
DOCTOR: What was their history?
C'RIZZ: I didn't receive enough information. The little Elixir I'd ingested was leaving me. But I saw and felt enough. I glimpsed the soul of the Kromon. It was like a vision from the pit of deepest Hell. I screamed, ran, got clear eventually. I reached the lower sections and hid myself inside a soil transporter and was carried free of Alpha Sphere. Then they came after me.
CHARLEY: That's when we saw them swoop down on you?
C'RIZZ: You saved my life.
DOCTOR: The Kromon have advanced technology, machines, gunships. The engineers know how to build biospheres.
C'RIZZ: Yes, I suppose.
DOCTOR: Unless it's instinct. Can you remember when the Kromon first appeared?
C'RIZZ: My father said, when I was still a child. Before the land became dry.
DOCTOR: Are all the biospheres the same?
C'RIZZ: I don't know. But at the induction, they were dividing us into castes. Some into management, some to food production, some to research workshops.
DOCTOR: Research? Into what?
C'RIZZ: I don't know.
CHARLEY: What is it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'm wondering if they might have our Tardis. That Kro'ka made hints, as if he had some foreknowledge. He also suggested that someone, possibly these Kromon, might be more than a little interested in the possibilities of space flight. They could be holding the Tardis in their workshops.
CHARLEY: It won't do them much good, will it?
DOCTOR: No, but it would greatly benefit *us*, Charley.
C'RIZZ: What are you saying? I don't understand.
DOCTOR: Just a little speculation.
C'RIZZ: I shouldn't have run away, abandoned L'Da. I must go back to try and save her.
CHARLEY: They almost killed you once, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: I might as well be dead without her.
DOCTOR: You should rest. You're shivering again.
CHARLEY: Use the rocks as a wind break.
C'RIZZ: Help me find her, please.
DOCTOR: We'll see how things are in the morning.
CHARLEY: What can we do, stuck out in this dust bowl?
DOCTOR: We can rest.
C'RIZZ: Yes. I'm tired.
(long rattling exhales behind the dialogue.)
CHARLEY: Didn't take him long.
DOCTOR: Are you all right?
CHARLEY: Cold.
DOCTOR: Think warm thoughts.
CHARLEY: These stones are hard.

DOCTOR: They're filled with the softest down.
CHARLEY: Yes, all right. Swan's down, is it?
DOCTOR: Of course. Nothing but the best.
CHARLEY: That's all right, then. Goodnight, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Goodnight, Charlotte.
CHARLEY: Oi! Oh, can you turn the wind down a bit?

(Footsteps.)
CHARLEY: Oh, I need a drink. Can we stop? I've got half the dust of this valley stuck down my throat.
C'RIZZ: Here.
CHARLEY: Oh, thanks.
(Pulls stopper out of container and drinks.)
CHARLEY: Oh, that's better.
DOCTOR: When did the rains cease?
C'RIZZ: They haven't.
DOCTOR: Are you sure?
C'RIZZ: It still rains, just as it always did.
CHARLEY: Really? Yet the land's so dry. The river's down to almost a trickle.
DOCTOR: We must move on. I'd like to reach a biosphere by nightfall.

(Howling wind.)
CHARLEY: Doctor? Doctor! I can't see you.
DOCTOR [OC]: Here! Over here.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: Behind you. Hold on to me.
CHARLEY: Where? I can't see. (coughs) Oh, nothing but blown dust. Pah. Oh, er oh!
C'RIZZ: Charlotte, let me help you. Take my hand. Come on.
CHARLEY: Oh, dust everywhere. Eyes, throat.
C'RIZZ: Keep hold of me. We mustn't lose each other. These dust storms can bury you, choke you to death.
CHARLEY: Can you see the Doctor?
C'RIZZ: No, I can't see anything much at all.
CHARLEY: Doctor! Doctor! (coughs) Can you hear him?
C'RIZZ: I'm not sure. The wind's blowing right at us. Let me turn. Shield me, Charlotte. No, nothing. Maybe he's sheltering somewhere.
CHARLEY: Where? There's nothing but open ground.
C'RIZZ: We're heading for some fallen trees. Keep straight ahead. Maybe the Doctor'll be waiting for us there.
CHARLEY: Which way is straight ahead?
C'RIZZ: Er, that. No, follow me. What is it, Charlotte?
CHARLEY: You're beginning to sound just like the Doctor.
C'RIZZ: Is that bad?
CHARLEY: Let's move. Oh, hold on to me hard.

(The wind has stopped.)
CHARLEY: (coughs) C'Rizz? Where are you, C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: What?
CHARLEY: Oh, you frightened me. Look at you, a dust devil. Your skin's changed again. You look rusty.
C'RIZZ: Can you not alter your skin tones? Your flesh seems weak, unprotected. Are you all right?
CHARLEY: Thirsty.
C'RIZZ: Did you keep hold of that water gourd?
CHARLEY: Oh, yes. Oh, buried somewhere. Ah, yes! (blows off dust) Here.
C'RIZZ: There's a mouthful each.
CHARLEY: Oh, thanks. Look at this place. The landscape's changed. Great mounds of red dust, and no sign of the Doctor. What's happened to him? He will

be safe, won't he?
C'RIZZ: We should be able to see him, unless he's fallen and been buried. Doctor? Doctor!
CHARLEY: Nothing.
C'RIZZ: Wait. There is something.
CHARLEY: The Doctor, is he calling? Can you hear him?
C'RIZZ: No. Down.
(The sound of a gunship approaching.)
C'RIZZ: We lie flat. They mustn't see us. I'll shield you.
(The gunship flies over and away.)
C'RIZZ: I don't think they saw us.
CHARLEY: What on Earth's happened to the Doctor? We can see quite a way now. Where can he have got to?
C'RIZZ: Wait. Look.
CHARLEY: What?
C'RIZZ: Straight ahead. By that mound. See a line under the dust moving? See?
CHARLEY: What is it?
C'RIZZ: It's the path of an Oroog.
CHARLEY: An O? A what?
C'RIZZ: They live underground. They're diggers, fur covered, big claws. I thought they'd all be captured.
CHARLEY: It's moving towards us. Oh, not anymore. Where's it going?
C'RIZZ: The Oroog is leading us away. he's stopped. Let's see what he has to show us.
(Footsteps.)
CHARLEY: Is this a good idea?
C'RIZZ: What else can we do?
CHARLEY: What if it's waiting to eat us?
C'RIZZ: An Oroog? Don't be silly. Ah, this is where he's stopped.
CHARLEY: What are we supposed to see? There's nothing except a half-buried tree.
DOCTOR: Hello, you two.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Would you care to lift a few branches from my lower limbs so we can resume our journey?
CHARLEY: Are you all right?
DOCTOR: I believe so.
CHARLEY: What happened to you?
DOCTOR: After you went off at a tangent, I sheltered by what I thought was a stout piece of the local flora. There was then a collapse of said stout flora that trapped me under its branches. How did you find me?
C'RIZZ: An Oroog guided us. He's still around. They occasionally surface and say hello.
OROOG: Hello. Have you any more lost friends?
DOCTOR: No, but thank you for guiding help my way.
CHARLEY: Yes, thanks. Sorry we can't shake hands.
OROOG: (laughing) Yes, mine are a little large, and my claws are just a little mucky.
CHARLEY: You need a manicure.
OROOG: I like you, you're funny. What is your name?
CHARLEY: Charlotte. Charley to my friends.
OROOG: May I call you Charley?
CHARLEY: You may. This is the Doctor, C'Rizz.
OROOG: Indeed, I am honoured to meet you
DOCTOR: Thank you.
OROOG: C'Rizz. I didn't know many of your particular kind still thrived. Charley, I am an Oroog. My clan name is probably unpronounceable in your language. All my brothers and sisters have been taken. I may well be the last Oroog outside captivity.
C'RIZZ: You know there's a patrol ship in the area?

OROOG: Yes. Getting closer. I can feel vibrations through the ground. I don't think they're too friendly.
(The gunship is near.)
C'RIZZ: They've seen something.
OROOG: Me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Keep down.
CHARLEY: They must have seen us now.
C'RIZZ: Go, get away while you can.
OROOG: They can see my move, locate you. I'd better stay.
(The gunship leaves.)
C'RIZZ: It's gone.
(A harsh, crackly voice. Close cousin of the Kaleds, sounds like.)
KROMON: You will all remain standing. You will wait for the return of the patrol ship. You will be taken to Alpha Sphere for interrogation and induction.
DOCTOR: And if we refuse?
KROMON: You have zero choice in the matter.
OROOG: I have. Bye, bye, everyone.
KROMON: Stun the Oroog.
(Energy weapons. The Oroog groans.)
CHARLEY: No!
KROMON: He has not been terminated. He is a valuable asset.
DOCTOR: And what about us? Do we have any value?
KROMON: This is not my task. In the Alpha Sphere, you will be assessed as to your value to the Kromon. If useful, you will be put to work.
CHARLEY: And if we aren't?
KROMON: You will be turned into fertilizer.
DOCTOR: Quite a choice. Ah, the transport's arrived.

KROMON: Tighten the net further.
KROMON 2: Yes, Commander.
CHARLEY: Ow!
KROMON: That is too much. We don't require dead prisoners. That's better. Return to your duty.
CHARLEY: Commander, any chance of a glass of water, please?
KROMON: Liquid is precious. We will not waste it on you.
KROMON 3: Contact made with Alpha Sphere, Commander.
KROMON: Inform them we are bringing in an Oroog. We will require a restraining cage until he is pacified.
CHARLEY: They're talking about you.
OROOG: We do have a temper when we're confined against our will.
C'RIZZ: Why put up with this, then?
OROOG: (chuckles) Oh, this isn't the place or the moment.
CHARLEY: We're being treated like animals.
C'RIZZ: That's what we are to them.
OROOG: I *am* an animal.
C'RIZZ: No offence.
OROOG: None taken.
CHARLEY: C'Rizz
C'RIZZ: Don't use my name.
DOCTOR: Why haven't they questioned you? It's only yesterday you were their prime target.
C'RIZZ: I don't know.
DOCTOR: Maybe the Kromon only think in lines of straight logic. If you, as C'Rizz, were reported dead, you can't possibly be alive. Therefore, you must be someone else.
CHARLEY: I'd use a different name from now on.
C'RIZZ: Like what?
DOCTOR: Choose. Any.
CHARLEY: I know. Z'Ricc. (pronounced Zerik) It's sort of C'Rizz, only mixed up a bit.

C'RIZZ: Z'Ricc. Thanks.
OROOG: It's hot, isn't it. This contact with my fur making you too warm?
C'RIZZ: I'm trying not to think about it.
OROOG: It's even hotter inside my fur.
DOCTOR: Can we please talk about something else, gentlemen.
C'RIZZ: Such as?
DOCTOR: I've been wondering why the Kromon accept Charley and I.
CHARLEY: We couldn't be further away from Commander Termite in looks.
DOCTOR: Yet they accept us without question.
C'RIZZ: To them you're just another alien species, like the Oroog, like me. You're a commodity that they use for whatever suits their purpose.
DOCTOR: By using the Elixir?
C'RIZZ: It changed L'Da so much.
DOCTOR: Interesting to experience their modus operandi.
OROOG: I do hope there won't be unpleasantness.
DOCTOR: So do I, but I must recover my Tardis. This ship's probably driven by compressed hydrogen combustion. Ramjet effect. Quite sophisticated. They might be able to decipher the secrets of time travel.
C'RIZZ: What travel?
DOCTOR: Time. Mmm, never mind. Ah, we're descending into one of the biospheres.
C'RIZZ: This is Alpha Sphere, Doctor, where I escaped from. It's the home of the Kromon. It's where we'll all die.

[Part Two]

KROMON: (with a northern accent) Bring them forward. Stand by to subdue the Oroog. Set beams to stun only.
KROMON 2: (Gumby-ish) It is done. Squad, ready.
KROMON: Release them. Leave the Oroog. Aliens, move away.
OROOG: That's you, Doctor.
CHARLEY: Good luck, Oroog.
C'RIZZ: Yes.
KROMON: Cage the Oroog. Remove him from the excavation site. Have him pacified, trained, put to work with the other diggers. Bring the aliens to me.
KROMON 2: Where are you from?
DOCTOR: Gallifrey.
KROMON: That is not a coherent answer. Are you from a neighbouring zone?
DOCTOR: We came from one, yes.
KROMON: You were allowed in?
DOCTOR: Yes.
KROMON 2: You must have some use. What is it?
CHARLEY: I've often wondered.
KROMON: You informed immigration you have certain skills that could be useful to us, correct?
DOCTOR: I can't remember. Your immigration service is somewhat eccentric.
KROMON: I can assign you to labouring duties. What is it that you do?
DOCTOR: Well
KROMON 2: Hesitation means doubt. Can you garden?
DOCTOR: Er, no.
KROMON: Aqua-engineer?
DOCTOR: No.
KROMON 2: What use are you? Answer quickly, or you will be categorised as fit only for fertilizer.
DOCTOR: I've often thought I have a talent for space flight.
KROMON: That requires further interview with research personnel at the highest level.
DOCTOR: I thought it might.
KROMON 2: Lying will lead to instant annihilation.
DOCTOR: Quite right too.

KROMON: After pacification, arrange for his interview with SpaceOp Research.
KROMON 2: I will.
KROMON: You, female. Name?
CHARLEY: Charlotte.
KROMON: Age?
CHARLEY: None of your business.
DOCTOR: She's far older than she appears.
KROMON: But still within breeding age.
CHARLEY: Breeding?
KROMON: Unusual humanoid. Let genetics assess her potential. Place her on the reproductive reserve.
KROMON 2: Pacification also?
KROMON: Temporary. Move her aside.
CHARLEY: What? Hey!
KROMON: You, a native. Why are you covered in filth?
C'RIZZ: Your gunship didn't let us use its washing facilities.
KROMON: You seem rebellious. Note, he is to be ultra-pacified. What uses have you?
C'RIZZ: I can farm, look after land, cattle.
KROMON: Yes, yes, so do most of your kind. Name?
C'RIZZ: Er, Z'Ricc.
KROMON: How barbaric. Put him in the central garden labour force. Interview complete. Take them to L lab.
CHARLEY: Excuse me. Can I apply for an alternative position?
KROMON: No. Repro is for you.
DOCTOR: I need her as my assistant.
KROMON: You can't have her.
DOCTOR: What if I make a formal request?
KROMON: What if I send you for composting. Processing is complete. Take them to L lab. Pacify them.

(Walking)
C'RIZZ: At least we're in the same place where I last saw L'Da.
DOCTOR: Is the whole place linked by galleries like this?
C'RIZZ: Yes. There's a central transport system, open containers on rails, used mostly for moving materials between levels.
DOCTOR: This L lab we're being taken to.
C'RIZZ: That's where we're turned into willing workers.
CHARLEY: Pacification?
C'RIZZ: The liquid they tried to give me. It takes you into the mind of the Kromon. You accept everything they tell you, and believe in their cause absolutely.
CHARLEY: That's something to look forward to. Oh, it's hot, humid. Why is everything so damp? Fountains spouting water everywhere you look.
C'RIZZ: The Kromons seem to constantly need to take in liquid.
DOCTOR: Some insect-like species can only survive in these watery conditions.
CHARLEY: And the smell. It's like living inside a compost heap.
KROMON 4: Stop speaking. You will wait here.
C'RIZZ: When we are in L Lab, you must let me go first. Be ready.
KROMON 3: Be quiet.
CHARLEY: Can't we run for it here, get lost in the gloom?
DOCTOR: They've three laserforce weapons.
KROMON 3: Silence.
CHARLEY: Yes, sir. I'd better get used to saying that.
(Weapons fire.)
CHARLEY: Ow! Hey, that hurt my arm!
KROMON 3: It is the lightest touch beam. The next will be harder.
KROMON 4: L lab will relieve us of the aliens now.

KROMON L: The process is simple. You will be given a phial of liquid. You will hold the Elixir in your mouth until I order you to swallow. You will then experience a certain sleepiness. You will begin to hear voices, see sights you have never witnessed before. Your thoughts will be changed and guided into acceptable modes of behaviour. Let us begin.
C'RIZZ: Let me get it over with first.
KROMON 3: You will take your turn as ordered.
KROMON L: That doesn't matter. Let him go first. Seat yourself. Lie back.
CHARLEY: It's like watching someone at the dentist.
DOCTOR: Makes you want to run right out the door.
CHARLEY: Yes, it does.
KROMON 3: Do not talk unless you wish more pain.
CHARLEY: No, thanks.
KROMON L: Ready?
C'RIZZ: Yes.
KROMON L: Open. Slowly. Slowly. Put the liquid on your tongue. That's good. Slowly let it go to the back of your throat. Let it slide.
(C'Rizz starts to choke.)
KROMON L: What's the matter?
C'RIZZ: I can't. I can't. I'm going to be sick.
KROMON L: Keep your lips closed tight.
C'RIZZ: I can't.
(Projectile vomit.)
C'RIZZ: Run! Go, Charley, Doctor, now!
(Weapons fire.)
DOCTOR: Charley, go right.
CHARLEY: Yes, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Run!
(Weapons stop.)
DOCTOR: Right, this way.
CHARLEY: What about C'Rizz?
DOCTOR: We'll try to rescue him later. Just for the minute, try to stay alive.
(Running on metal, weapons in background.)
CHARLEY: But it's only a matter of time before we meet more Kromon soldiers ahead of us.
DOCTOR: There must be a side passage somewhere. Try to keep up, Charley.
CHARLEY: I'm trying. What do you think I'm doing?

KROMON L: There is no reason why the Elixir cannot be ingested. This was a deliberate attempt to allow the two aliens to escape.
C'RIZZ: I can't hold down that Elixir stuff.
KROMON L: You realise that I have authority to dispose of recaltricent subjects? Have you recaptured the aliens?
KROMON 3: Not yet, but they will soon be arrested. I have ordered more soldiers to this sector. What is to be done regarding this native?
KROMON L: I have decided the Elixir rejection was a deliberate tactic to allow escape.
C'RIZZ: No, I told you
KROMON 3: Silence!
KROMON L: He's therefore deemed unsuitable for pacification. Take him to the fertilization plant. Dispose of him.
KROMON 3: It shall be done. Move! Unless you wish to be destroyed here.
C'RIZZ: I'd sooner die than take that mind poison again.
KROMON L: Then you shall shortly achieve your wish. Take him away.
KROMON 3: Move!

(Walking.)
DOCTOR: There must be a linking passage somewhere.
CHARLEY: I think I can hear. Yes, someone's coming. Let's turn back.
DOCTOR: No, we must take a chance. What's that ahead, to the left?

CHARLEY: It's too murky to see. I think it's just a shadow.
DOCTOR: It might be a side exit. Yes, it is. It's a side opening. Hurry. Wait, wait, wait. Stand very still. Charley, be very quiet.
(Footsteps approach and recede.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, did you see who was with them?
DOCTOR: Was it C'Rizz?
CHARLEY: I'm sure it was.
DOCTOR: Let's see where they're taking him.

KROMON 3: Keep moving.
C'RIZZ: What's the hurry? Is there a shortage of fertilizer?
KROMON 3: It will be a pleasure to see you face the cutting beams of execution, to hear you scream, smell the burn of your flesh.
C'RIZZ: At least I'll die knowing the Kromon failed to control one of our minds.
KROMON 3: Only because your body is weak and puny. Many of your kind cannot digest the Elixir. We do not require their contribution, other than to feed the fungi. Hold his arms. Stay close. I do not wish any agitation before we reach the site of execution.

(Walking on crunchy stuff.)
DOCTOR: We've lost them.
CHARLEY: What is this place? What are those great things?
DOCTOR: Fungi of some sort. It's a processing plant. They mentioned fertilizer. As quietly as we can.
CHARLEY: I can see C'Rizz. Doctor, they're getting ready to kill him.
DOCTOR: Keep close. We're almost within range.
CHARLEY: Range of what? We haven't got any weapons.
DOCTOR: Yes, we have. Here, round the base of the fungus, there's mud. Muck. We can throw that, cause a diversion. If we can dodge down the lines of fungi, we might get clear.
CHARLEY: Or not.
DOCTOR: Oh, you are in a positive mood today. Now, time to get our hands dirty. Take two handfuls, Charley.
CHARLEY: Urgh. What is it?
DOCTOR: Never mind. Roll the mud into a ball. When I shout Howzat! hurl it at them. Aim for the Kromon leader.
CHARLEY: Like a coconut shy.
DOCTOR: Ready to aim?
KROMON 3: Execution squad, ready.
DOCTOR: Howzat! Throw, Charley, now!
(Splats and noises from the Kromon.)
CHARLEY: Oh, yes! Direct hit, Doctor. Well done.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, run! Charley, this way. Zig zag.
(Weapons fire.)
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, over here. This way.
KROMON GUARD: Stop!
KROMON 3: Find the aliens. Don't let this one escape. Find them!

C'RIZZ: Thanks. I thought that I was dead.
DOCTOR: Least we could do.
CHARLEY: Doctor, aren't we heading back to that L lab place?
DOCTOR: Yes. Stop. Whoa. Look, they put a guard outside.
C'RIZZ: Just one. He hasn't seen us.
DOCTOR: Yet.
CHARLEY: We'll have to get past him.
DOCTOR: Charley, wait.
CHARLEY: Follow me.
(Noise of a cry and thump.)
C'RIZZ: Charlotte, you all right?

CHARLEY: Yes. And look what we've got. A laser gun. Doctor, what are you doing?
DOCTOR: The L lab. I'd like a look around.
C'RIZZ: Let me go in first.
CHARLEY: Don't be silly, C'Rizz. I can use this to clear the way.
C'RIZZ: Charlotte, I'll push the door open. Stand back.
CHARLEY: I wish you'd call me Charley. Okay. Count of three. One, two, three!
(Door bangs open. Weapons fire.)
C'RIZZ: Oh, there's no one here.
DOCTOR: The Kromon Lab manager must have gone to replace the Elixir you destroyed.
(Door closes.)
CHARLEY: Present for you, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: No, I
CHARLEY: Doctor! Look, our names are still up on the computer screen.
DOCTOR: They must have set it up ready to be filed after our pacification. Everything here seems to be controlled by data. The Kromon seem obsessed by records and lists, don't they? In which case, let's key in a little false information. (keyboard) We've all been successfully pacified, yes. And any future data referring to our escape, mayhem, mischief, caused by us will require a password to access. Let's say Tardis. Yes, that's done. The question now is whether their database will accept it.
COMPUTER: Input data received and noted. Stored in induction L lab files.
DOCTOR: It seems to be official. They'll believe we've been brainwashed, obedient to Kromon orders. How do you feel about that, Charley?
CHARLEY: The thought makes me ill.
C'RIZZ: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes?
C'RIZZ: Would that box know where L'Da might be held?
DOCTOR: Let's ask it.
(Keyboard.)
COMPUTER: L'Da captured median five. Selected at induction for reproductive reserve. Status confirmed. Companion later found unsuitable for escort duties.
C'RIZZ: That's me.
COMPUTER: Ingested first and second grade Q Elixium. Transformation successful. Hybridisation experiment promising. Advanced to status Q3. Placed in an individual palace chamber on level five. Ingested final expansion Elixir. Consumption successful. End requested information.
C'RIZZ: What are they doing to her, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure. Despite what my new data records might show, I don't know what this Elixir is or what it does. Obviously it's very powerful. Worker bees give a female bees special jelly when they need new Queens to form a hive. Maybe this Elixir the Kromon use has similar properties.
C'RIZZ: That can't involve L'Da. She's not a bee, nor an insect species like the Kromon. She's like me. They can't do anything like that to her.
CHARLEY: Can species interbreed, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Hardly ever. And certainly not when their physiology is as different as the Kromon and the Eutermesans. I think the Kromon must be alien to this world, but all we've seen of them so far is that they all look relatively alike. No sign of mutation or hybridisation.
CHARLEY: So why would they want L'Da?
DOCTOR: Maybe they need to renew their gene pool. Their ability to clone and replicate could be weakening.
C'RIZZ: I have to find L'Da before anything like that happens to her. Where did that machine say she was?
CHARLEY: Level five.
C'RIZZ: How can we reach there? It's where the elite Kromon live. How can I find her there? She'll be guarded by their fiercest soldiers.
DOCTOR: What level are we on now?
C'RIZZ: One.

DOCTOR: Then there's only four to go.
CHARLEY: Let's get out of here.
DOCTOR: I'll check, see if it's Kromon free outside.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Yes. One dark, empty gallery awaits our pleasure.

DOCTOR: C'Rizz, how are the five levels linked?
C'RIZZ: Ramps, stairs, a lift.
DOCTOR: We'll stay away from that for now.
CHARLEY: Wait. What's that? I can hear something.
C'RIZZ: It's water. You can hear it everywhere.
CHARLEY: No, it's a different sound. Listen.
DOCTOR: Yes. It's this way. Yes, it's getting loud. It's a rack mechanism transporting boxes of freight.
C'RIZZ: Fungus. Lumps of it.
DOCTOR: They're travelling slowly enough to hitch a ride. We can climb into the containers. Come on, Charley. Grab the next one. Follow, C'Rizz.
(Effort.)
C'RIZZ: Easy.
DOCTOR: Yes, good. Now, Charley.
C'RIZZ: Take my hand.
CHARLEY: (effort) Ah, yes. Phew, okay. Thanks. Come on, Doctor. Don't get left behind. You can do it.
DOCTOR: It's speeding up still.
CHARLEY: Come on, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes, yes. Made it. That was quite close for me. This is interesting.
CHARLEY: Even more so if we happened to know where we were going.
DOCTOR: Just enjoy the scenery, Charley.
CHARLEY: What scenery?

DOCTOR: Light at the end of the tunnel, right ahead.
C'RIZZ: We've climbed at least one level.
CHARLEY: Doctor, I can see the end of the line. There's Kromon waiting. They're armed.
C'RIZZ: With some of my people as their labourers.
CHARLEY: We've still got the laser gun.
DOCTOR: You're feeling a bit aggressive today, aren't you, Charley?
CHARLEY: Listen, we've been shot at, pushed around, tied up, threatened and well, pushed around a bit more, so yes, I am feeling somewhat fractious.
DOCTOR: Well, put the gun away. There are too many of them. C'Rizz, hide it beside the track just before we emerge.
C'RIZZ: How will we
DOCTOR: We'll use our gifts.
CHARLEY: That bad, eh?
DOCTOR: We mustn't panic, though.
C'RIZZ: I've got enough panic for everyone.
DOCTOR: Remember, we've been pacified. Docile and obedient, yes, C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: I'll try.
DOCTOR: Charley?
CHARLEY: Docile and obedient. Of course, Doctor.
DOCTOR: First time for everything.
(Clang.)
DOCTOR: Why, hello.
CHARLEY: No station announcements?
DOCTOR: Wonder where we are?
KROMON F: Who are you?
CHARLEY: You must be the Kromon. Delighted to meet you. Oh, I'm a little stiff. What about you, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Let me help you down. There.
KROMON F: Why are you riding the transporter cars?

DOCTOR: We seemed to get lost a little. Our Kromon guides were called away. We were given jobs so we thought we'd report for work.
CHARLEY: We saw the food transporters so we
DOCTOR: Hopped aboard, hitched a ride.
KROMON F: Names?
DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor.
C'RIZZ: Z'Ricc.
CHARLEY: Charley.
KROMON F: Access their records.
DOCTOR: On that useful little computer. May I see?
KROMON F: You may not. Stand away.
DOCTOR: My curiosity. I do apologise.
KROMON F: Doctor, pacified. Assigned for interview, Space Research Director, level four. Charley, pacified. Coded as repros, level five. Also Z'Ricc, pacified. Assigned catering duties, level two. At least one of you has arrived at the correct location. You, Z'Ricc, remain here. The others will be escorted to your correct work stations.
DOCTOR: Much obliged.
CHARLEY: Thanks.
KROMON F: Take them away.
C'RIZZ: What do I do?
KROMON F: Help the others unload. After that we must find you a permanent position.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Doctor?
DOCTOR: (sotto) Docile and obedient, Charley. Docile and obedient.

(Beep.)
KROMON D: Yes. Come.
(Door opens.)
GUARD: An alien for interview.
KROMON D: Ah, you are the Doctor. Yes. Induction said you might be of use to our researches.
GUARD: He has been pacified successfully.
KROMON D: Then leave us.
(Door closes.)
KROMON D: You may seat yourself. Water?
DOCTOR: Not just now.
KROMON D: I will.
(Sucking noises.)
KROMON D: Ah! Now, what do you know of interstellar flight, Doctor?

KROMON R: You are a fine specimen of your kind. Strong.
CHARLEY: Thank you.
KROMON R: Worthy of genetic scanning. If you are suitable, you could become a Kromon hybrid. Would you like that, Charley?
CHARLEY: Oh, I'd (pause) love it.

(Sounds of chewing food, lots of voices. Door opens.)
KROMON F: This is the preparation chamber. Workers half-digest the food prior to our delivering it to the officers upstairs.
C'RIZZ: What level is that?
KROMON F: Four and five. Twice a day, lunch and evening feed.
C'RIZZ: I'm to sit here chewing up their lunch for them, that horrible white fungus stuff?
KROMON F: That is correct.
C'RIZZ: I've a weak stomach. It should be on my record.
KROMON F: Why wasn't *I* told about this? Oh, we will have to find you other tasks. Preparation. I will show you the maggot and worm section.

KROMON D: That's an interesting theory, Doctor. A craft that can traverse space. (laughs) Our own craft can convey us beneath the clouds of our world, but so far we have been unable to go higher. But with your craft, we could visit lush, verdant worlds. We could manage their economy, mine and enslave them. Perfect, don't you think?
DOCTOR: Yes.
KROMON D: This space craft. Describe it.
DOCTOR: Well, blue is a good neutral colour. It would probably be oblong in shape, not too large, with a door.
KROMON D: Blue. Oblong. A door.
DOCTOR: Does it remind you of anything?
KROMON D: I don't know.
DOCTOR: Do you have anything similar?
KROMON D: Er, can I offer you the water bottle?
DOCTOR: No.
(Sucking noises.)
KROMON D: Ah! Where were we?
DOCTOR: Time travel.
KROMON D: Time travel? What is that? Is Time your word for what we call space?
DOCTOR: Slip of the tongue. I of course meant space travel. I don't know where the idea of Time came from.
KROMON D: Nor me. It's not a word I recognise. Anyway, Doctor, you might be useful for research purposes. I will accept you for a probationary period only.
DOCTOR: My role will be what, exactly?
KROMON D: Speculative consultant to the Kromon Space Programme.

KROMON F: Aren't they beautiful?
C'RIZZ: Worms, maggots, lots of flies.
KROMON F: Delicious. Mmm. But not for the likes of us.
C'RIZZ: Oh, the smell!
KROMON F: Decay. Mmm.
C'RIZZ: Oh, it makes me feel sick.
KROMON F: Z'Ricc, I think you have been wrongly assigned. You seem to have little stomach for our work here.
C'RIZZ: I'll do anything, but worms? Maggots? Flies? Sorry, but chewing food for someone else's doesn't excite me.
KROMON F: It's a wonderful job, compared to being a contributor to the fertilizer plant.
C'RIZZ: Oh, isn't there something else I could do?
KROMON F: There's a very specialised job you might just be suitable for.
C'RIZZ: It doesn't involve maggots, worms, or flies?
KROMON F: Not directly.
C'RIZZ: I'll take it.

DOCTOR: I was impressed with your patrol ship's systems. Compressed hydrogen. Ramjets, of course. To lift a significant payload, that system will have to become hypersonic.
(Beep.)
KROMON D: Er, come.
(Door opens.)
C'RIZZ: Luncheon, sir?
KROMON D: Ah. Doctor, join me. Choose. You, you're a new server, aren't you?
C'RIZZ: Yes, sir. First day.
KROMON D: What is your name?
C'RIZZ: Z'Ricc, sir.
DOCTOR: Unusual name. Have you always had it?
C'RIZZ: More or less.
KROMON D: Choose, Doctor. It's all part-digested.
DOCTOR: Something just moved in the sauce.

C'RIZZ: Maggots, sir.
DOCTOR: Al dente?
C'RIZZ: Don't know, sir.
DOCTOR: I'm not too hungry.
KROMON D: I am.
(Gulps food down and burps. Door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR: May I place an order for an evening meal?
KROMON D: Yes, that's allowed. This is so good.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Just a moment, Z'Ricc.
(Door closes.)

DOCTOR: C'Rizz, what are you doing?
C'RIZZ: Best job I could get, delivering this swill to the Kromon Directorate. There's fly pie, in case you're interested.
DOCTOR: I don't think I am.
C'RIZZ: Where is Charlotte?
DOCTOR: They took her to Genetic Research, level five.
C'RIZZ: That's where L'Da was taken. We have to save them both. I've something else under the food trays. This.
DOCTOR: Ah, well done, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: I retrieved it from the track side during my rest period. We've got three, maybe four, heavy charge laser bolts left.
DOCTOR: Let's get on with your food deliveries.
(Door opens and closes. A lift.)
C'RIZZ: I travelled in here before with L'Da. She was frightened, her eyes imploring me to help her.
DOCTOR: Now you are.
C'RIZZ: She's in chamber four. I pray we can save her.
DOCTOR: So do I, C'Rizz. So do I.
COMPUTER: Level five.
(Door opens.)

KROMON G: There you are. Late. We should be served first. Didn't anyone tell you that?
C'RIZZ: No, sir.
KROMON G: High Directorate, then Genetics. I had your predecessor composted for delivering cold food.
C'RIZZ: Sorry, sir.
KROMON G: This is your last and only warning. Why does it take two of you to deliver the food? This is serious overstaffing.
DOCTOR: I just happened to be in the same elevator. Are you Genetics?
KROMON G: Assistant to the Controller.
DOCTOR: I want to register a complaint. My assistant has been sent to you without my permission.
KROMON G: Who are you, exactly?
DOCTOR: The Doctor, working as the consultant for Intergalactic Grandiosity, appointed by the Director for Space Exploration. I can't carry out my duties without Charley, my assistant.
KROMON G: She belongs to the Genetic Programming Division.
DOCTOR: I may be in charge of who makes up future space colonies. Would you be interested in a genetic research position on that programme?
KROMON G: Perhaps I would.
(A woman groans.)
C'RIZZ: What's that?
KROMON G: An experiment in one of the Q chambers. You, serve the Directorate their food. You can come with me, Doctor. But understand, if your assistant has already been processed, it may be difficult to reverse the

procedure.
DOCTOR: Let's hope that won't be necessary.

DOCTOR: Impressive. A hatchery for the next generation of Kromon?
KROMON G: Some eggs are experimental. Most won't survive, but enough will to justify further experimentation.
KROMON R: How may I assist you?
KROMON G: The alien Charley. Has she been given the first Elixir?
KROMON R: Not yet. She was to be examined for a Kromonic gene compatibility.
KROMON G: Great idea.
KROMON R: Yes, Controller.
KROMON G: You may have the loan of your assistant, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
KROMON G: I will always assist the Space Research Department. Their work must be linked to ours if our race is to survive and prosper.
(Cracking of membrane.)
KROMON G: See, a new generation has just been born. Let us welcome them.
DOCTOR: I'm wishing them a happy birthday.

(Woman's voice, in pain. Door opens.)
C'RIZZ: L'Da? L'Da.
(Door closes.)
C'RIZZ: What have they done? What have they made you into?
L'DA: C'Rizz! Oh, kill me. Kill me, please!
C'RIZZ: L'Da. L'Da.
(L'Da screams.)
C'RIZZ: All right, all right.
(Door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, what are you doing? What's happened?
C'RIZZ: They've turned L'Da into a huge slug. She's enormous. A breeding machine for the Kromon.
DOCTOR: Where are you going, C'Rizz? Stop!
C'RIZZ: She asked me to set her free. I intend to do just that.
(Door opens.)
L'DA: C'Rizz! C'Rizz!
C'RIZZ: Goodbye, my love.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, stop. Think.
(Door closes.)
C'RIZZ: No. This has to be.
(Weapons fire. L'Da screams.)

[Part Three]

C'RIZZ: (crying) She's gone. L'Da has gone. I killed her. I want to die too.
DOCTOR: No, C'Rizz, stop. Give me the. (struggle) Give me the laser gun.
C'RIZZ: She asked me, begged me to kill her.
DOCTOR: Right or wrong, C'Rizz, it's over for her now.
C'RIZZ: Not for me. It will never be over for me.
DOCTOR: Yes, C'Rizz, I know, but that laser gun will bring
KROMON G: Ah, Doctor, I have your assistant here and. What has happened?
CHARLEY: Doctor, they said. C'Rizz!
KROMON G: The queen! The new queen has been murdered! Guards! Guards!
C'RIZZ: The Directorate guard. What an honour. All right, you want to kill me? Come on. Come on!
(Bubbling sound.)
C'RIZZ: What is this goo?
CHARLEY: Urgh, it's sticky. All over me. Can't move.
DOCTOR: There is no point. It's venom. Defensive, sticky. Thank you. I wouldn't

want to be left out.
C'RIZZ: I killed L'Da, not them.
KROMON G: What you have all done here merits the harshest punishment. Remove them! Inform the Directorate. Await further orders.
GUARD: Yes, sir.
C'RIZZ: I killed L'Da. I killed her.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, C'Rizz. I'm so sorry.

KROMON J: The inquiry will come to order. We have a case of regicide before us. The destruction of our newest queen. Her children will die very soon. This is a loss of months of genetic research and planning. Bring the accused in.
(Door opens.)
CHARLEY: Oh, there's no need to push. We were walking in by ourselves, thank you.
CHAIRMAN: Be silent. You stand before the Directorate.
DOCTOR: Oh, hello. Are we on trial?
(Door closes.)
CHAIRMAN: Quiet. We are reviewing the case. There are forms to fill out. Questionnaires to answer. You will remain staid.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, I forgot about your obsession with creating systems of management. Everything must be discussed, decided, then implemented, yes?
(Bang of gavel.)
CHAIRMAN: This inquiry has come to order. You three carried out this criminal act. You must suffer the consequences.
C'RIZZ: I carried out the killing, not Charlotte or the Doctor.
KROMON J: They have committed other crimes. Falsification of records, impersonation, infiltration of company departments for the purpose of espionage.
DOCTOR: Espionage? Who would we be spying for?
CHAIRMAN: That is what we mean to discover. The inquiry is now open for observations and reports. Controller of Genetics?
KROMON G: We have lost a valuable queen resource who was producing excellent larvae, that with further genetic adjustment could have resulted in an acceptable species of sub-Kromon. That breeding source is now damaged beyond repair, killed by this alien registered as Z'Ricc, but confirmed from our genetic records as C'Rizz, an escapee.
CHAIRMAN: The eggs and larvae of the defunct queen?
KROMON G: With her demise, control ceased. They are dying. I ask for the Chairman's endorsement of my request that we replace the lost queen with the alien female prisoner known as Charley.
CHARLEY: No! No!
CHAIRMAN: Would you prefer execution?
CHARLEY: Frankly, yes.
CHAIRMAN: Oh. There is no precedent for this. I cannot recall any prisoner ever asking for execution.
DOCTOR: Really? Perhaps they don't always know what's going to happen to them in your genetics lab. Prisoners aren't often told things like that, in my experience.
KROMON G: The process of becoming a hybrid queen is not an easy one. There is much pain involved. I ask for Charley to replace L'Da. That, I submit, is true and proper justice.
CHAIRMAN: The Directorate will consider your request. We now grant attention to the Director of Space Research.
KROMON D: Like Genetics, we are always seeking fresh information, innovative ideas. I ask that the Doctor be transferred to my department for further investigation as to the extent of his experience and knowledge.
CHAIRMAN: We are discussing a very dangerous criminal who has perverted our records system with resource and cunning.
KROMON D: I submit that the dangers are more than balanced by our obtaining the secrets of space travel. After we have pacified and processed him, what remains of the Doctor can be disposed of as the Directorate wishes.

KROMON J: Space travel? He understands such things? We have not received a report on that. Why not? Oh, the mere thought brings a great thirst. We will adjourn for refreshment and some reflection.
(Under noises of Kromon eating and drinking.)
C'RIZZ: Doctor, I'm sorry. I could distract them while you and Charley make a run for it.
DOCTOR: We would be cut down. There's half a dozen armed guards at the door, more placed behind the Directorate members.
CHARLEY: What if we seize that Chairman insect, took him hostage?
DOCTOR: We wouldn't get near to him.
CHARLEY: I can't become like that, that
C'RIZZ: Monstrosity? Monstrosity like L'Da.
(Bang of gavel)
CHAIRMAN: I intend to address the prisoner known as the, the Doctor. Please minute accordingly. Space travel, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I refuse to discuss the project.
CHAIRMAN: You will if you value your life. I need only twitch my antennae to have you suffer much pain.
DOCTOR: You can twitch whatever you want, but it won't change things.
CHARLEY: And he can't say anything if you hurt him.
DOCTOR: Good point, Charley. I think Charley made a good point. I hope you've made a note of it.
CHAIRMAN: Noted. Now, why won't you assist us?
DOCTOR: Something to do with being threatened, and Charley being threatened with being turned into a queen Kromon, and C'Rizz being threatened with, well. All right, you've not threatened him yet, but I'm sure you will.
CHAIRMAN: Oh yes, indeed.
DOCTOR: Well, there you are, then. Stalemate.
KROMON J: All right, all right. Let's deal with this, er, C'Rizz. Now, I take it nobody present would ask for him to assist them in their departmental research strategy? (laughs) A simple case of guilt and its punishment. In my view, we should simply hand him over to the guard for termination.
KROMON GC: Mister Chairman, I would respectfully observe that a more public display would be in order to gain some profit from his life and death.
CHAIRMAN: I am always interested in profit.
KROMON GC: In the lower workings, we use the native race for essential labour. All of them must pass a water wheel that takes power from the waters brought up from below. Let us tie C'Rizz to this wheel. He will last for quite a while, submerging, emerging, submerging, emerging, a constant reminder to all of the futility of opposing the Kromon.
CHAIRMAN: Excellent idea. Are there any objections?
DOCTOR: Yes.
C'RIZZ: Yes.
KROMON J: Over-ruled. The criminal C'Rizz is placed into the custody of the Guard Commander. Now, with regard to the two aliens, our decision is this. The Doctor will be given to Space Research with permission to apply whatever Elixirs are necessary to release his secret thoughts, and to turn him into someone faithful to the Kromon Creed. About the female known as Charley, my only question is this. Do we wish to pollute our gene pool with her mental stubbornness and immaturity?
CHARLEY: Immaturity? What?
DOCTOR: Charley is no more immature than I am.
CHAIRMAN: Quiet.
CHARLEY: Don't you wave your antennae at me.
KROMON J: Silence, or you will be removed and sentence passed in your absence. This proves my point. Do we want this rebellious creature's behaviour to generations designed to serve us unquestioningly? What are the thoughts of the Genetics Controller?
KROMON G: We can easily eradicate those characteristics completely before she becomes a hybrid queen.

CHAIRMAN: Then with that proviso, the Directorate delivers her to the Department of Applied Genetics.
DOCTOR: Leave her alone.
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor, what are you doing? I could use some help here.
DOCTOR: Not to worry, Charley. By the time they've prepared the paperwork, I'll have all this sorted out.
CHARLEY: Get off me, will you? Just
KROMON J: The Board of Enquiry is at an end. All minutes already transcribed and committed to the systems. Everything is in order. Any other business?
DOCTOR: How about a retrial?
CHAIRMAN: Motion denied.
(Bang of gavel.)

KROMON GC: Make sure he is tied securely.
C'RIZZ: Why don't you just drown me?
KROMON GC: That is not my objective.
KROMON 5: We want the workers to see your suffering.
KROMON GC: A reverse bonus incentive scheme.
C'RIZZ: What?
KROMON GC: They will see you occasionally as you emerge and submerge under the water. Ready?
KROMON 5: Yes, sir.
KROMON GC: Enjoy your baths, C'Rizz. Raise the wheel now. That should wash away his sins.
(The Kromon all laugh.)

KROMON D: Welcome back, Doctor. Comfortable?
DOCTOR: Well, the ceiling light is a little bright.
KROMON L: Close your eyes.
DOCTOR: Is that what's expected?
KROMON D: Strapping not too tight?
DOCTOR: No. If I fall asleep, it will save me toppling from the table to the floor. Most considerate. What's that, my bedtime drink?
KROMON L: This liquid is very valuable. We have had foolish recipients try to resist, spit it back at us.
DOCTOR: How uncouth.
KROMON D: You wouldn't dream of such behaviour, would you, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Just as you wouldn't dream of clamping my mouth open, should I refuse.
KROMON D: We understand each other. Just drink, yes? Hold it inside your mouth. Wait. Wait! Then slowly, slowly, swallow. You will hear voices soon. See sights that may seem strange. There. Good. It's done.
DOCTOR: I told you, I'm not an engineer. I can't build. Where are we going? Who is this? A world of water, of towering trees? The air is humid, the clouds pour down rain. There are rivers in angry flood. Where is this?
KROMON D: This is planet Kromon, as it was before the rains stopped.
DOCTOR: Why? How can rains just stop?
KROMON D: A spaceship came. A Company ship prospecting for minerals. They found what was precious to them on Kromon. Then a fleet came. They tore down the trees, blasted mountains aside, diverted rivers, ignored us, trampled on our culture, gave it a new sun so the clouds dispersed. The rains stopped. Our colonies died in their hundreds. All we had was our ability to organise, to adapt. It took a thousand years, but we overcame the invaders, confiscated their machines, took over their Company rules and applied them to our dying world.
DOCTOR: What was the company known as?
KROMON D: No one can recall.
DOCTOR: Really.
KROMON D: But we learned from them, took from them what had made them successful.
DOCTOR: Their technology.

KROMON D: Not just that. We absorbed their philosophy of management, their capacity to forward plan. We discovered a copy of their Company rules and Corporate philosophy. That became our Creed. When the water ran out, we were ready. Enough of us could take flight to reach here. We took over this zone.
DOCTOR: And did to others what the Company had done to you.
KROMON D: Did what was necessary for us to survive. Others may have greater intelligence, stronger, more adaptable forms, but none has a greater will to survive. That is why we overcome all obstacles. You, Doctor, have buried in your memory the means to construct an instrument of space travel.
DOCTOR: I can't remember. I'm not sure I ever knew how to build a Tardis.
KROMON D: Tardis. You said Tardis. What is that? What is Tardis?
DOCTOR: I don't remember.
KROMON D: You are succumbing to the Elixir. You are going to sleep. Then, when you wake, we will take you to the next stage.
KROMON L: Why work so fast, sir?
KROMON D: I'm not sure. He's unusual. Difficult to gauge his depth of resolve. His flippancy disturbs me.
KROMON L: Sign of a fool.
KROMON D: Or of someone confident of ultimate success.
KROMON L: He won't survive Elixir Two, and if he does, there is the third mixture. No one's ever refused to cooperate after that.
KROMON D: But at what cost? We mustn't destroy more of his personality than we have to. If he's to build a, a, what did he say?
KROMON L: Tardis.
KROMON D: Tardis. If he is to build a Tardis for us, we need him to be as mentally alert as possible.
DOCTOR: Charley. C'Rizz.
KROMON L: What?
KROMON D: He's dreaming of his companions. Now, Doctor. Yes, raise your head. Now sip. Sip slowly. That's it. Now relax. Listen for the voices.
DOCTOR: No voices. Sorry.
KROMON D: Do you see anything?
DOCTOR: Ah.
KROMON D: What?
DOCTOR: Towers, on the plains. Snowcapped hills. Green hills. A sun, familiar. Why, why is it familiar?
KROMON D: The pictures you see in your mind may be from your own experience or a projection of fear.
DOCTOR: It's the planet Mars, before the ice caps, before the planet became devoid of life.
KROMON D: Pay no attention, Doctor. That is just your memory conjuring images.
KROMON L: We want him to conjure images. Images of a ship that can travel throughout space.
KROMON D: Will you do that for us, Doctor?
KROMON L: We are very good to our friends. We award big, big bonuses for attaining production targets.
KROMON D: Do what we ask and who knows? You could be made an Associate Vice President.
KROMON L: A workspace with your name on it.
KROMON D: A PA all of your own.
KROMON L: Bonus shares in the Kromon Company.
DOCTOR: (laughing) I thought, I thought you'd show me the splendours of this new universe. New planet, new races. Did you say the Company gave you a new sun? That's terribly difficult. Artificial suns, easy as pie, but what I saw outside, those were two real, big red suns. Why'd they do that, do you think? How, even. Did you ever stop to wonder, to ask? Of course not. Too busy learning the ropes of business. You could have made so much of all their power, but instead you wallow in this, the trappings of corporate dross.

KROMON L: What has happened?
KROMON D: The Elixir must have weakened.
DOCTOR: Shares, and my name on a workspace? All if I bow down to you. (laughs)
KROMON D: Stop him.
DOCTOR: A PA of my own? I have two already. Bring them to me.
KROMON L: That is not possible. Directorate orders cannot be questioned.
DOCTOR: The Directorate? Why not stand up against them? What kind of insects are you?
KROMON D: Prepare the third Elixir. That'll stop him laughing at us.
KROMON L: I've never seen a reaction like this before.
KROMON D: We've not met a mind like this before.

CHARLEY: No, get off me!
KROMON R: Hold her! Open her mouth. Drink.
CHARLEY: No!
KROMON G: You know what happens next, Charley.
CHARLEY: No! Mmph! Gah!
KROMON R: Pour it in gently, gently.
(Charley spits it out.)
KROMON G: Enough! Sedate her. We will drip-feed the Elixir.
CHARLEY: It still won't work.
KROMON R: Oh, I assure you it will.

KROMON D: I warn you, Doctor. Take this next Elixir very seriously. Do not treat it lightly if you value your sanity.
DOCTOR: Oh, I do.
KROMON D: Then marshal all your defences.
DOCTOR: I have done already, just to ward of the effects of your chatter.
KROMON L: Give him the third Elixir.
DOCTOR: (drinks) Hmm. A little sharper than the others. A superior vintage, obviously. Mmm. I'm sure it could become an acquired taste. What happens now?
KROMON D: Who can say? The spirit of the Kromon is distilled into that essence. How it manifests itself in your consciousness I cannot say.
DOCTOR: Well, let's hope it's something more interesting than you two.
KROMON D: I doubt you'll be disappointed.
DOCTOR: What's that?
KROMON D: I hear nothing.
DOCTOR: The floor shakes.
KROMON D: It's not moving.
KROMON L: Where's your sense of humour now, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Don't leave me tied up here. Argh, urgh, ah.
SPIRIT: (unintelligible) Every member of the Kromon contains my spirit. I am the soul of the Kromon. From me comes their will to survive whatever the cost. You are our prisoner. You are of value because you could give us the key to space travel. Refuse to help our cause and I will summon a river of fire to engulf you. Submit your will to our now!
DOCTOR: No. I can't. Can't.
SPIRIT [OC]: No more warnings. Let it come down.
(Sounds like a volcano erupting.)
DOCTOR: Oh, run! I can't run. Trees burning, mountains. fire, sulphur. Ashes, rocks, raining all around. The scorching smell of destruction. No air in my lungs, only fire. Help me! Help me!
SPIRIT [OC]: What did you say, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I said, help me!
(Silence.)
SPIRIT [OC]: Ah yes, we will help you. But will you help us, or shall I call on more disasters to convince you of our power?
DOCTOR: No, enough. No more.

SPIRIT [OC]: Nothing to laugh at now?
DOCTOR: No, nothing at all.
SPIRIT [OC]: Return to yourself, but realise I occupy your innermost soul. Your will is at the behest of mine. You will obey my will.
DOCTOR: I desire no greater purpose.
SPIRIT [OC]: Sleep now. When you wake, you will follow any instructions given to you, grant any request for information. You will recall from your past experience all the engineering details we require.
DOCTOR: (exhausted) I will be happy to do that. Anything to help. Anything.

KROMON G: Charley. Charley.
CHARLEY: (drowsy) What?
KROMON G: It's the moment for you to drink deep once again.
CHARLEY: Drink? Drink what?
KROMON G: You know.
CHARLEY: No. No, don't want it. Take it, take it away
KROMON R: Give it to her. She has to ingest this today or we lost the metabolic progression.
KROMON G: Yes. Hold her head. Open her mouth. Force it open.
CHARLEY: No, no.
KROMON G: Hold her still. Make sure it is swallowed. Keep her lips closed.
(Charley gags and coughs.)
KROMON R: It is done.
KROMON G: Good.
(Charley cries.)

(Walking.)
DOCTOR: I'll do my best to remember, but I can't be certain. It's a *very* long while since I attended engineering theory classes on Gallifrey.
KROMON D: Even the basic space travel ideas will be of use for our future research.
DOCTOR: All right. First thing we need to create is an interactive gyroconductorscope.
KROMON D: At this point, Doctor, I think I'd better bring in my technical director.
DOCTOR: (sotto) Yes, you better had.

CHARLEY: Where are you taking me?
KROMON G: We have to maintain your circulation. You have to move so the metabolic changes can progress.
CHARLEY: Changes? Metabolic? I don't understand. Oh!
KROMON G: Help her.
KROMON R: Come, Charley. Stretch one leg, then the other.
CHARLEY: Oh, feels different. Wobbly. One, then the other. My legs feel like stilts. What's the matter with them? Oh no, these aren't my legs. What's happened to them?
KROMON G: They are becoming most attractive. Thin, trim.
CHARLEY: They're hideous! They're starting to look like a stick insect's, bent in the middle.
KROMON R: Once you are installed into a chamber, you won't need legs at all.
CHARLEY: No need?
KROMON G: That's not for quite a while yet. Now, let's walk you back to your sleeping shelf. Come. Move, Charley. Once leg out.
CHARLEY: It hurts.
KROMON R: Soon you will receive your medicine.
CHARLEY: Ow. Ow. Oh, ow.

KROMON T: Doctor, my Director has studied your plans for the Tardis model.
DOCTOR: Oh yes?
KROMON T: Yes, I can follow the theories up to a point, but the principle of

propulsion escapes me.
DOCTOR: Well, yes, what is required is a compound using a mineral known as Zyton Seven. Do you have anything similar?
KROMON T: I don't know what it is or where it might be obtained.
DOCTOR: There was a source on a planet called Varos. Of course, there's no chance of going there any more. But, we could synthesise it.
KROMON T: How could that be possible?
DOCTOR: I don't know. There's a formula nibbling at the edges of my memory. Something. No. You have compressed nitrogen as a source?
KROMON T: Yes, we do.
DOCTOR: Well, let me have access to a computer and screen. I'll construct a model, and in the mean time you continue work on creating the structure of the space travel vessel and its components.
KROMON T: Doctor, one part of your equation I don't quite understand.
DOCTOR: Which part?
KROMON T: That which appertains to the Tardis angle of side slip.
DOCTOR: The Tardis angle between its long axis and its direction of motion is interdimensional.
KROMON T: Don't quite follow.
DOCTOR: Well, put in simple terms, drag and yaw equals density by diameter squared by velocity squared by the drag coefficient. Now, substituting the coefficients of lift for the coefficient of lateral side slip by the sine of the angle of yaw, equals the product of the density diameter cubed, velocity squared, the coefficient of the present location and the sine and cosine of the spatial coordinates.
KROMON T: (doubtful) I see.
DOCTOR: Well, I can't put it more basically, though I could write it out symbolically. Let's see. Moment M equals
(Scribbles on paper.)
KROMON T: I will find you a computer. You can construct a model.
DOCTOR: Well, that would be the best plan.
KROMON D: I do not trust the Doctor with a computer.
KROMON T: Then stay with him as he works. We must create this Tardis by the delivery date given by the Directorate.
DOCTOR: I don't mind company as I work.
KROMON D: All right. Permission granted.
DOCTOR: Thank you.

(C'Rizz gasps for air as the waterwheel lifts him clear then stops.)
C'RIZZ: Who's there?
OROOG: Remember me?
C'RIZZ: Oh, remember who? I can't see.
OROOG: I'm the Oroog, you poor wet thing.
C'RIZZ: Oh. How are you?
OROOG: You ask me? That is sweet. I was put to work down their deepest excavation shaft. Dig, dig, dig. But they trust me now. I can work without supervision.
C'RIZZ: Don't get caught because of me.
OROOG: No, it's change of shift. We must hurry. This wheel mustn't stop. I just wanted to say hold on. I'm going to get you out of this. Oh, whoops. Someone's coming.
C'RIZZ: Start the wheel.
OROOG: Where's the switch? Oh, there.
KROMON 5: What are you doing here?
OROOG: Just having a peek. I thought the criminal was dead. Best thing for him. Did he do something awful?
KROMON 5: He must have.
OROOG: That's what I thought. It gets boring watching him on that wheel.
KROMON 5: Not as boring as it is for him.
(They laugh.)

OROOG: With wit like that, you should be on a higher level.
KROMON 5: And you should be on a lower. Get back to work.

(Tapping on a keyboard.)
KROMON T: Haven't you finished yet, Doctor? It's been hours and hours.
DOCTOR: Finding an alternative to Zyton Seven isn't simple. I *think* I've an alternative, but I can't be certain without an experimental trial.
KROMON T: I've sent for the Director. You can demonstrate for him. What are all those squares on the screen?
DOCTOR: A lattice of the connecting point of the hydrogen. This shell is a function of special matter.
KROMON T: Here's the Director.
KROMON D: You have something, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Watch the graphics.
KROMON D: Yes, they seem stable.
DOCTOR: Where the lattice starts to distort, that is under the mix of hydrogen and carbon effect. That distortion is to the fabric of space, but apply a little more pressure to the mix.
KROMON D: The lattice tears apart.
DOCTOR: The Tardis is free to go where she will.
KROMON D: Towards a new planet.
DOCTOR: One with fewer suns, perhaps.
KROMON D: The Kromon are free to journey through the cosmos. How soon, Doctor? I must inform the Directorate.
DOCTOR: Your Tardis is assembled?
KROMON T: We were only waiting for your formula.
DOCTOR: Now you have it.
KROMON T: We can try a test run, a demonstration of space travel.
DOCTOR: There's not a thing to stop you.
KROMON D: We shall set the demonstration for tomorrow.
DOCTOR: I look forward to it.

OROOG: C'Rizz. C'Rizz. Don't die, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Huh? Oh, Oroog. What are you doing?
OROOG: I'm going to bite through the cords.
C'RIZZ: That hurts.
OROOG: Did I hurt you?
C'RIZZ: No, it's having my hands free. It hurts, but it's good.
OROOG: Feet. Lie back. Lovely taste, wet rope. There. (spit, spit) Careful now. Can you walk?
C'RIZZ: I will try. No, no.
OROOG: Too many watery dips. Climb upon my back. Come on, up. Yes.
C'RIZZ: Can't do it. I can't hold on.
OROOG: Do you want to go back on that wheel?
C'RIZZ: Oh, no.
OROOG: Then hold on. I don't want to play dodge the laser with those Kromon insects. Grab hold of my fur. There's more of it around my neck. Right, let's go
C'RIZZ: Where are we going?
OROOG: I've hollowed you a place under the fungi garden. We hide there until the Kromon forget about us, then we burrow out of this stupid biosphere.
C'RIZZ: I'm so tired. I think I died on that wheel. I'm imagining this rescue.
OROOG: It's real. Hold on tight. There's not so far to go.
C'RIZZ: Oroog?
OROOG: Yes?
C'RIZZ: Thank you.
OROOG: That's all right. To help one such as yourself, it is an honour. Oh dear. Oh, double dear.
C'RIZZ: What?
OROOG: One of those Kromon creatures is guarding the garden inlet. Get down. This might become nasty. You might prefer to look away. Right, stay

back. I'll see to this.
KROMON: Who's there?
OROOG: I'm sorry, sir, but I took a wrong turn. I'm late for my shift.
KROMON: Stupid Oroog. I should give you a pain blast just to wake your ideas up.
OROOG: Just show me the way back to the workings.
KROMON: I can't leave my post. But I'll report your position, then it's their problem how to get you back.
OROOG: I tend to disagree, sir.
KROMON: With what?
OROOG: Your assessment. You are the one with problems.
KROMON: In what way?
OROOG: This way!
(The Oroog roars, and the Kromon gurgles.)
C'RIZZ: Remind me not to upset you.
OROOG: I always feel sorry afterwards. My apologies that one such as yourself had to witness such violence.
C'RIZZ: Violence. Oroog, I have been violent. Oh, poor L'Da.
OROOG: You? Violent? Then you are worse off than I thought. Now, let's hope our little hidey-hole hasn't been discovered.
(Various clanking sounds.)
OROOG: Ah, no. Here we are.
C'RIZZ: It's dark in there.
OROOG: Of course it's dark.
C'RIZZ: You'll be with me?
OROOG: Just get in.
C'RIZZ: Can't see a thing.
OROOG: I can see for us both. I need to close the passageway with a fall of soil. Now we can't be seen from outside. Just need to poke through a few air holes there and there.
C'RIZZ: It's like being buried alive.
OROOG: Yes. Isn't it lovely?

KROMON G: She is comatose.
KROMON R: She has much growing to do.
KROMON G: Space Research Department has a demonstration of space travel. I was asked what we have to show.
KROMON R: We can't display Charley. Not while her metamorphosis is incomplete.
KROMON G: Yes. More's the pity.
KROMON R: The moment will come. We will display our new queen. A new generation of sub-Kromon will be born. There will be credit in abundance.
CHARLEY: (drowsy) What?
KROMON G: Give her more Elixir.

(Tapping sound.)
KROMON D: Nervous, Doctor?
DOCTOR: No, I never am.
KROMON T: That ball of fungi will disappear, travel across the room unseen, then reappear over there?
DOCTOR: Have your crew carried out my instructions?
KROMON D: To the letter.
DOCTOR: Then it should go just as I planned.

C'RIZZ: Oroog.
OROOG: I'm hibernating.
C'RIZZ: It's hot down here.
OROOG: Mmm, isn't it cosy?
C'RIZZ: It feels wrong. The Doctor vowed to help us. He and Charlotte need us.

OROOG: We're safe.
C'RIZZ: Oh, I can't stay buried here.
OROOG: Where did you last see them?
C'RIZZ: Level five. The Doctor was sent to Space Research, Charlotte to Genetics.
OROOG: I was almost into my winter sleep.
C'RIZZ: We have to find them.
OROOG: How do we get up to level five?
C'RIZZ: I'll scout around first. You might just draw some attention.
OROOG: (chuckles) Big claws and fur coat.
C'RIZZ: Stay here. I'm going to try and find a food delivery cart. I'll pretend that I'm on lunch duties.
OROOG: Then what?
C'RIZZ: Just hope I get lucky.
OROOG: That's not a plan.
C'RIZZ: It's all we have.

KROMON D: I must stress this is in the nature of an initial experiment, but one the Space Research Department is proud to share with members of the Directorate.
KROMON T: Chairman, members of the Directorate, we have taken the few basic ideas of the Doctor and developed them to a level where the fungi ball will be sent into space, then later, it will be brought back.
CHAIRMAN: I hope they don't eat the fungi in space. I'd like it for my lunch, now. (Laughter.)
KROMON D: Doctor, where are you going?
DOCTOR: I don't wish to intrude on your moment of glory.
KROMON T: Can we begin?
KROMON D: I will give the signal.
KROMON T: I will press down the lever.
KROMON D: Close Tardis door.
(Door slides shut.)
KROMON T: Door closed.
KROMON D: Honoured members of the Directorate, welcome to our gateway to the future. Stand by. On my count of three. One, two, three.

[Part Four]

(Hiss of gas, coughing.)
CHAIRMAN: I am damaged. Call the Directorate guard. Where is this Doctor?
KROMON T: Hydrogen and carbon. You should have known what would happen.
KROMON D: Me? You're the Technical Director.
CHAIRMAN: Not for much longer.
KROMON D: Find the Doctor. He is responsible. Destroy him.
CHAIRMAN: Where is this Doctor?
KROMON D: Escaped.
CHAIRMAN: Summon the guard.

(Running.)
DOCTOR: Look out!
(Crash!)
C'RIZZ: Doctor.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: What happened?
DOCTOR: The Kromon have encountered the Big Bang Theory.
C'RIZZ: Where's Charlotte?
DOCTOR: I'm trying to locate her.
C'RIZZ: They might have placed her in a chamber.

DOCTOR: The one where you found L'Da?
C'RIZZ: Let's try.
DOCTOR: Stay back. Kromon guards.
C'RIZZ: The Directorate guard. You must really have upset someone.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry to ask you this, but which chamber was L'Da in?
C'RIZZ: Chamber four, down here.
DOCTOR: Ah ha, chamber four. All right.
C'RIZZ: No, Doctor. Wait here. I'll go in first, then you.
DOCTOR: Why?
C'RIZZ: I'm expendable.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, I won't allow it.
C'RIZZ: I'm going in. If Charlotte is in the pool, do you want to kill her, or shall I?

C'RIZZ: Empty. Charlotte can't be ready to take up her duties for the next generation.
DOCTOR: Everything seems prepared. The pool is full, just waiting for her.
C'RIZZ: Let's destroy everything we can.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, stop. Listen.
KROMON R [OC]: Check chamber four.
C'RIZZ: If they come in we'll be killed.
DOCTOR: Quiet. Down into the pool, quickly.
(Two splashes.)
DOCTOR: Duck under the waters. It's our only chance.
(Two deep breaths.)
KROMON GC: Anything?
GUARD: No. Let's not stay here.
KROMON GC: We divide into search groups of four.
GUARD: What settings are to be used?
KROMON GC: Set your guns to kill.
(Kromon leave. Surfacing, gasping.)
C'RIZZ: I never thought I'd say this, but I'm really sick of water.
DOCTOR: It's being fed from outside. There's a pipe inlet, look.
C'RIZZ: Can we afford engineering queries, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Where was the Genetic Research chamber you were taken to?
C'RIZZ: Further on, I think, but it's certain to be guarded.
DOCTOR: Let's find out.

C'RIZZ: There's a dozen Kromon soldiers.
DOCTOR: Charley must be inside.
C'RIZZ: Can we charge in, surprise them?
DOCTOR: We'd be cut down before we can reach the chamber entrance.
C'RIZZ: Doctor, why don't I try and lead them away.
DOCTOR: As a diversion?
C'RIZZ: Yes.
DOCTOR: There are just too many Kromon between us and Charley.
C'RIZZ: It might already be too late for her.
DOCTOR: I realise that, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: We have to go back. We can still get to that central lift chamber.
DOCTOR: Yes. Come on, run. Now.
(Weapons fire.)
DOCTOR: Close the door.
C'RIZZ: That lever there. That'll take us down to the lower levels. Quickly.
DOCTOR: Which level?
C'RIZZ: The second.
DOCTOR: Why there?
C'RIZZ: There's an old friend who can give us shelter.

CHAIRMAN: Technical Director, Chief Scientist.
KROMON T: Yes, Chairman.

KROMON S: You called, sir?
CHAIRMAN: Will you look at the mess in here. Look at the machinery. Data could be irretrievably lost.
KROMON S: I imagine backups were made of all the data, sir.
CHAIRMAN: Whose job is it to do that?
KROMON S: The Technical Director, sir.
KROMON T: Nonsense. The research staff
CHAIRMAN: Stop. Stop, stop, stop, stop. Too much noise in my ears already from the Doctor's treachery. Technical Director, you're fired.
KROMON T: But, but
CHAIRMAN: Chief Scientist, you are now technical director.
KROMON S: Thank you, sir. I'll oversee repairs immediately.
CHAIRMAN: Yes, and make them good repairs. None of that shoddy (unintelligible) nonsense.
KROMON S: No, sir.
KROMON T: Chairman, what do I do now that I'm no longer Technical Director?
CHAIRMAN: You? You are reassigned. Clerical duties, grade D. Now go away. Away! Now!

OROOG: It's not much, but it is safe, Doctor.
C'RIZZ: This space seems larger.
OROOG: I decided to extend our underground abode.
DOCTOR: What's above us?
OROOG: The fungus garden.
C'RIZZ: The Kromon's staple diet.
DOCTOR: Yes.
OROOG: Doctor, are you asleep?
DOCTOR: No, I need to think.
C'RIZZ: There's nothing else to do down here.
OROOG: The Kromon won't find us here.
DOCTOR: How will that save Charley?
C'RIZZ: We can regroup.
OROOG: Where is Charley? I miss her.
C'RIZZ: The Kromon have her. They're changing her the way they did L'Da.
DOCTOR: We must rescue her.
C'RIZZ: How?
DOCTOR: That's the difficult bit. I don't know yet.
OROOG: At least we know where she is.
C'RIZZ: That doesn't bear thinking about.

KROMON G: Charley, can you hear?
CHARLEY: Yes.
KROMON G: Your body is growing so big, so beautiful. Strong, ready to endure your life ahead. Now we must begin to bring your mind into contact with the universal Spirit of the Kromon. You will have a million descendants and your consciousness will be the force of life within them all. Are you ready to expand your consciousness? To forge that link?
CHARLEY: I am ready.

(Snoring.)
C'RIZZ: Shall I wake the Oroog? Is he disturbing you, Doctor?
OROOG: I'm not asleep, only snoozing.
DOCTOR: Oroog, when you worked underground, what were you doing, exactly?
OROOG: Digging, what else. Me and the rest of my clan, we were captured one by one and put to work by the Kromon.
DOCTOR: What work?
OROOG: Finding water. The Kromon need water constantly. We had to go deeper and deeper in search for springs and underground streams.

DOCTOR: That's why the planet is drying up. All the water is channelled into the biospheres. Of course, there is water everywhere here. The Kromon drink all the time.
C'RIZZ: Their breeding pools have to have water flowing through them.
DOCTOR: Yes, we saw the inlet pipe. So you dig, you find the water, then what happens?
OROOG: It is carried, then pumped up into the biosphere.
C'RIZZ: You're thinking we might be able to cut off the supply.
DOCTOR: It's a thought.
OROOG: Yes, the Kromon can't survive without constant water intake.
DOCTOR: Just one problem. We cut off the water, we could also destroy Charley along with the Kromon.
C'RIZZ: Isn't that the idea? Put her out of her torment.
DOCTOR: No.
C'RIZZ: You have to, Doctor. There's no way back for her. She has to be destroyed.

KROMON G: Charley, we have something new. Feeding fluid. When you are established in your pool it will be fed to you constantly. You need only lower your feeding tube into the water to gain sustenance, so start with a small sip. A little more. That's good. Take it down.
(Charley coughs.)
CHARLEY: Oh! Awful. Where am I? Who am I? What have you done to me?
KROMON G: Pacify her. She is not yet ready.
KROMON R: We can accelerate the process. Pacify then progress.
KROMON G: I thought she was ready. Was she pretending?
KROMON R: A simple regression.
KROMON G: We must have her ready in the next two days. I invited the Directorate to her immersive inauguration.

C'RIZZ: The water supply won't stop all at once. It could still be possible to reach Charlotte.
DOCTOR: Not to kill her. If we get that far, you must not harm her.
C'RIZZ: All right, Doctor. If we ever see Charlotte again, I will leave the decision of how she dies to you.

KROMON R: Pacification seems complete, sir. She is sleeping. Instruments show minimal neural disturbance.
KROMON G: Can we try the feeding fluid so soon after the pacification Elixir?
KROMON R: They should be compatible. I can try her with the tube.
KROMON G: Do so.
KROMON R: Charley, I am inserting a feeding tube. Through it will come all the nutrients and liquid you will need to prepare you for your new function as a Kromon royal. Take in this food. Make it part of you, part of your new children.
(Charley moans.)
KROMON G: She accepts it?
KROMON R: As you see.
KROMON G: Let her ingest, settle, then give her the Elixir of the Spirit. After that, we can start to test the transmissive abilities of our new hybrid queen.

C'RIZZ: We can't stay here doing nothing.
DOCTOR: That's why we have to attack the Kromon's most vulnerable area. They need a constant intake of water. We must find a way to stop their supply. The main source is from underground, yes, Oroog?
OROOG: Yes. My clan find the water.
C'RIZZ: And my people carry it up to the reservoir pool. The Kromon pipes irrigate the biosphere from there.
DOCTOR: Can we cut off the supply at the reservoir?
C'RIZZ: It's heavily guarded. We wouldn't have a chance.

OROOG: I could attack them, if you like. Swipe their spears, claw down their weapons.
DOCTOR: Even your power wouldn't be sufficient. We must find another way to release Charley.

KROMON G: Drink deep. This is the most sacred draught of all. Through it you will meet the Spirit of all Kromon. You will be taken into his soul. You will embrace the true spirit of us all. There.
KROMON R: There is still a drop at the bottom of the flask.
KROMON G: Yes. Charley, here, here, open. Let it fall on your tongue. Swallow it down. There. Now, you only need wait.
SPIRIT [OC]: Who are you?
CHARLEY: Charlotte. Most call me Charley.
SPIRIT [OC]: Charlotte has a regal sound.
CHARLEY: Does it?
SPIRIT [OC]: You have been chosen to serve, to dedicate your life to the spread of the Kromon. The previous queen's eggs will be take from our nurturing shelters for you to imbue with life. Are you ready?
CHARLEY: I am.
SPIRIT [OC]: All our Kromon royals serve us not only through their bodies, but through their mind. That mind is mine. Your soul is mine. I am the Spirit of the Kromon. Feel my will become yours. Feel my presence permeate yours. Let go. Let go. There. Now, Charlotte, tell me who you are.
CHARLEY: I am you. I am the Kromon Spirit.
SPIRIT [OC]: Serve us well.

OROOG: I miss my brethren. They must be tunnelling so deep they'll be reaching the realm of the Salanders.
DOCTOR: Salanders?
OROOG: They live on the fire at the heart of the world. They have many powers.
C'RIZZ: We could use their help against the Kromon.
OROOG: Salanders never come to the surface.
DOCTOR: How do you know of them?
OROOG: They often guide us when we are tunnelling. When the rocks glow green and ghostly, you know a Salander is with you. When I was captured, I burrowed away from the biosphere, made myself a hollow underground. I was sick, miserable and lost. Then roots and minerals in the rocks around me began to glow. I knew I was not alone. I scraped the minerals, chewed the root, felt the poison of the Kromon drain away. I became myself again. Came back to find C'Rizz and that awful waterwheel.
DOCTOR: Can you remember where these roots and minerals were?
OROOG: Yes.
DOCTOR: Could you collect enough to give to your clan, release them from the control of the Kromon?
OROOG: I could try, yes.
DOCTOR: Could your clan block the water source underground?
OROOG: We could try.
DOCTOR: Do that, and we might just disrupt the Kromon long enough to reach Charley.
C'RIZZ: I'll help the Oroog.
OROOG: No. I have to go deep. Places that no one can go but me.
DOCTOR: It's the only chance we have, Oroog.
OROOG: Then I'd better begin. I'll move the soil. Push it back once I've gone. Don't forget the air holes.
(Digging sounds.)
OROOG: No Kromon in sight. I hope we meet again, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I hope so too.
OROOG: Goodbye, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Good luck.
(Digging sounds.)

DOCTOR: There. Air holes open?
C'RIZZ: Yes, I suppose.
DOCTOR: What is it, C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: I feel like a coward. We're hiding here while the Oroog risks everything.
DOCTOR: Sometimes the most courageous thing you can do is just to wait. We'll give the Oroog a few hours, then we can decide on the best means of reaching Charley.

KROMON G: The larvae have emerged.
KROMON R: Charley?
CHARLEY: Yes?
KROMON R: Concentrate your thoughts on the young Kromon on the surface before you. Can you move them just by thinking where you want them to go?
KROMON G: Hurry. They only live for minutes without a controlling spirit.
KROMON R: Can you see them?
CHARLEY: Yes. I'm trying. Trying.
KROMON R: Harder. Close your eyes. Try to move them.
KROMON G: Shh, shh, shh, shh. Don't force her. She can try too hard. The process has to become instinctual.
KROMON R: The young are still dying. It may be too late. What do we do now?
KROMON G: We try again.
CHARLEY: Sorry.
KROMON G: You must succeed, Charley. You must control all of them. These children were from a generation borne by another royal. To overcome that, your telepathic sensors must take over their life force. They must live through and for you.
KROMON R: They cannot live at all without you, Charley.
CHARLEY: Can we try again? I wish for nothing more.

C'RIZZ: I'm going crazy. How long has the Oroog been gone?
DOCTOR: Not long enough for us to risk anything foolish.
C'RIZZ: She has to die, Doctor. Just as L'Da. She has to. You do understand, don't you? It's for her own good.
DOCTOR: I doubt Charley would agree with that C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: Are you afraid of the Kromon, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes, I am. Their ability to adapt and organise terrifies me. They might over-indulge in the minutiae of management, but they've a range of potions and poisons that could lead to total mind control of any race on any planet with enough water to sustain them.
C'RIZZ: It's just the waiting. I keep thinking of L'Da. Her bloated body, distorted features, the pain in her eyes. I can't get it out of my mind, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Neither can I.

KROMON G: Come on, Charley.
KROMON R: Leave her. Let this just happen. Let her focus.
CHARLEY: I can feel them. They are confused, lost, helpless. They crave direction. All right, little ones, all right. Now you can live. Now you can serve your queen.
KROMON R: They're forming lines, gathering the particles of food, coming to serve their mistress.
KROMON G: Congratulations, Charley.
CHARLEY: Thank you.
KROMON G: I can tell the Directorate we have created another royal to work alongside the others.
CHARLEY: Everything the young want depends on what *I* want. They follow *my* directions blindly.
KROMON R: That is as it should be. All of us depend on one or other of the royals for guidance.

KROMON G: Charley, your immersion will take place just a few hours from now.
CHARLEY: I am ready.

C'RIZZ: How long now, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Difficult to say. Darkness, no sound or light, it's hard to tell.
C'RIZZ: Minutes? Hours?
DOCTOR: We don't know if the Oroog has succeeded or not. Only when the water supply stops will we know.
(C'Rizz sighs.)
DOCTOR: Oh, all right. We've waited long enough. Let's move anyway.
C'RIZZ: Good. Help me break through the soil.
(Sounds of digging.)
C'RIZZ: Oh no, I can still hear the water fountains.
DOCTOR: Is there another way up to the fifth level?
C'RIZZ: Ramps lead up along the side of the biosphere.
DOCTOR: We'll go up that way.
C'RIZZ: When we reach the top level, what happens, Doctor?
DOCTOR: That depends on what we find.
C'RIZZ: I'm thinking about Charlotte.
DOCTOR: Me too.

(Kromon drinking.)
SLAVE: Your ball, sir.
CHAIRMAN: Here, and hurry. The board meeting is about to start. When water intake is complete, we will hear reports. Refill the main water container.
SLAVE: Yes, sir.
CHAIRMAN: Guard Commander, your report.
KROMON GC: I regret that the two missing aliens are still at large.
CHAIRMAN: No sightings at all.
KROMON GC: They may be deceased. A number of shots were fired at them. They were last sighted on the second level. After that, nothing. We will maintain all vigilance, sir.
CHAIRMAN: See you do. They can't just disappear.

(Walking on metal.)
C'RIZZ: I like the Oroog. I hope he's all right.
DOCTOR: Yes, he.
C'RIZZ: What is it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I can see a fountain down on the next level. The water's dropping.
C'RIZZ: The Oroog?
DOCTOR: Maybe he's stopped the underground supply. If he has, we need to get up to the fifth level now.

KROMON G: I invite the Directorate to attend the installing of a new royal. A hybrid queen to replace the previous royal who
(Door opens.)
KROMON GC: Sir. Sir.
KROMON G: I am in the middle of a
KROMON GC: It's the water, sir.
CHAIRMAN: What about it, Guard Commander?
KROMON GC: It's stopped!
CHAIRMAN: Alert the emergency service. Locate the source of the blockage. Convert to reserve supply. Summon the Directorate Guard.

C'RIZZ: Hurry, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Wait. Listen, ahead of us.
C'RIZZ: It's their emergency system control panel.
DOCTOR: Yes. Pipes. They all lead into the fifth level.
C'RIZZ: They must supply the royal chambers.

DOCTOR: Back. Let the Kromon finish trying to repair the supply, for all the good it'll do.
C'RIZZ: Let's just hope they don't decide to come this way.

KROMON G: Lower her gently.
(Sound of water.)
KROMON G: There.
KROMON R: Charley, your food will be liquefied and provided by inlet pipe. The waters will flow through you. Your work will begin.
CHARLEY: Begin. Begin. Yes. I, I am queen now!

DOCTOR: I don't believe it. They actually managed to repair it.
C'RIZZ: Then the Oroog's work was for nothing.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz, we need to get at that reserve control point.
C'RIZZ: They're going.
DOCTOR: Come on.
(An alarm sounds.)
DOCTOR: Right, it's the panel here that's alarmed.
KROMON GC:: Stay where you are alien.
C'RIZZ: You.
KROMON GC: Surrender or I'll kill you now.
DOCTOR: Do it, C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: (sotto) Behind the guards.)
DOCTOR: (sotto) The Oroog.
(Roar! Swift and violent rending of insectoid lifeforms.)
OROOG: We stopped the underground water supply.
C'RIZZ: That's not all you stopped. There are bits of Kromon all over the gallery.
OROOG: I'm sorry once again.
DOCTOR: Let's move onto the fifth level. We must find Charley.
(Walking.)
C'RIZZ: What's that?
DOCTOR: It's from the chambers.
OROOG: What's caterwauling? Let's see.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: The royal's dying. They must need constant water to spawn Kromon eggs.
C'RIZZ: All the royals must be dying.
DOCTOR: Including Charley?

KROMON G: Fertilization jets stand by. Water containment activate.
KROMON R: Charley is ready.
KROMON G: Then begin. I said begin. Switch on!
KROMON R: I'm trying. There is no pressure. Nothing from the poolside jets, the inlet water or the food panel.
KROMON G: The pool is emptying!
(Weapons fire and Oroog noises.)
C'RIZZ: Charlotte. Look at her, Doctor. You've got to kill her.
DOCTOR: She is still Charley.
OROOG: She's dying anyway.
DOCTOR: We must find a way to save her.
C'RIZZ: Doctor, Charlotte is no more, like my poor L'Da.
CHARLEY: (groans) Doctor.
DOCTOR: She said Doctor.
C'RIZZ: That's what you want to hear.
DOCTOR: Wait. Yes, there might be a way to help her.
C'RIZZ: There is only one way.
DOCTOR: Oroog, did you release your clan by feeding them the Salander antidote?
OROOG: Yes.

DOCTOR: Might it work for Charley?
OROOG: We could try. I need to collect the roots and minerals.
DOCTOR: Let's get her down to the reservoir pool. Immerse her in water. Pray the Salander antidote will work on her.
OROOG: I'll try. I need
(Noise.)
OROOG: Dear, oh dear. What an ugly sight.
KROMON: Halt. Kill all the aliens. Set weapons maximum force.
DOCTOR: I'm so sorry, Charley.
(The Kromon voice slows down and stops.)
C'RIZZ: Why don't they fire?
DOCTOR: They're all slowing down. Yes, of course. All the Kromon must be linked to the consciousness of the royals. If the queen that controls their instincts dies, they can't function. They're directionless.
OROOG: Should I destroy them?
DOCTOR: I don't think it's necessary. They're frozen like statues.
OROOG: Let me get after that antidote.
C'RIZZ: Good luck.
DOCTOR: Yes. We'll get Charley down to you. Charley, can you hear me? We're going to lift you out of the pool.
CHARLEY: Who is Charley?
DOCTOR: That's you.
CHARLEY: Not any more.

C'RIZZ: Gently.
DOCTOR: Lower her now. Keep her head up. Let her drink.
CHARLEY: Where is the Spirit? Where are all my little ones? What will they do? No one. They're all gone. Gone.
OROOG: Here, here, feed her these. Roots first, then the minerals. I had to go deep. A Salander guided me as to what mix the antidote should take.
DOCTOR: Try and pass it to her. Charley, we have medicine for you.
CHARLEY: No.
DOCTOR: Just try. Come on. A little, yes? This first. Yes. Now chew.
CHARLEY: It tastes, tastes of the Earth.
OROOG: What is that? Earth.
DOCTOR: A place that means a great deal to Charley.

(Walking.)
DOCTOR: Like a battlefield.
C'RIZZ: Fallen Kromon everywhere. I've opened the doors. My people have left, gone back to their home towns and villages.
DOCTOR: Not you?
C'RIZZ: How is Charlotte?
DOCTOR: Her body is returning to its former shape, but her mind? That I can't say.
C'RIZZ: How soon will you know if she'll ever be Charlotte again?
DOCTOR: Maybe never.

OROOG: Your friends are coming back soon. Come back to them, Charley. Don't stay in the dark world of the Kromon. The Salanders only help the good. Let them help you. Please.
C'RIZZ: Has she said anything?
OROOG: No.
DOCTOR: Charley, can you talk? Can you hear us? Do you want to hear us?
C'RIZZ: Nothing. We've got her body back, but what did the Kromon do to her mind?
DOCTOR: We're running out of time. News of what happened here must have reached the other biospheres. They're bound to send forces to retake their territory.

CHARLEY: If that's the case, you'd better help me out of this paddling pool.
DOCTOR: Charley! It's you. Welcome back.
CHARLEY: What are you talking about? Welcome back from where?
DOCTOR: I'll tell you once we're away from here.
CHARLEY: What sort of an answer's that, Doctor? Will you ever give me a straight answer?

DOCTOR: Why haven't the Kromon sent forces from the other biospheres?
C'RIZZ: I can see at least three from here.
CHARLEY: Four. There's another over to the left.
C'RIZZ: Maybe they're immobilised, like the Kromon here?
DOCTOR: No, they must be separate colonies. Their own royals control their own generations of Kromon.
OROOG: I fear my people must take the credit for that. Once we realised what we'd achieved here, it was very quick work to join with the other Oroogs and Salanders and repeat the process.
DOCTOR: Very clever, Oroog.
CHARLEY: Good riddance. What's the matter? Why are you looking at me like a pair of stunned trout?
DOCTOR: You said good riddance.
CHARLEY: What's wrong with that? I hate the Kromon.
DOCTOR: I don't blame you. Good to have you back, Ms Pollard.
OROOG: I must rejoin my clan. We need to tunnel and guide the waters back into the empty streams and rivers. We must replenish the land. We will help the Eutermesans rebuild our world.
CHARLEY: Oroog, I wish I knew how to thank you.
OROOG: Just stay yourself, Charley. That's enough. Goodbye. Goodbye, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Goodbye, Oroog.
OROOG: C'Rizz, it's been an honour to work alongside you. And a blessing. Goodbye.
C'RIZZ: Goodbye, my friend.
(Oroog leaves.)
CHARLEY: Then there were three.
C'RIZZ: Where will you go now, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I must find the Tardis. Perhaps it's in the next zone.
C'RIZZ: I can't stay here now I've lost L'Da. I don't want to stay.
CHARLEY: What are you saying, C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: That I wish to travel with you. With the Kromon defeated, I have no reason to remain. Besides, when I look at you two, when I see how different I am from you, I realise there must be more to life than this er zone, did you call it?
DOCTOR: Zone, yes. Who put the zones in, hmm? Did your people, C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: No, it was the Company, as we knew them. The people the Kromon learned their secrets from.
DOCTOR: Really? A strange thing to do, build a zoned off area, put the Kro'ka in to decide who gets in and out.
CHARLEY: Doctor, do you think
DOCTOR: I don't know what to think, Charley. The Kromon scientist I met mentioned that this Company also provided a second sun. Not something you do every day.
(Crackling noise.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, listen. Well, here we go again. Shall we get a move on, Doctor?
C'RIZZ: Where's she off to?
DOCTOR: I don't know, but if you're set on coming along, you'd better follow.
C'RIZZ: She's vanished.
DOCTOR: She's already through to the Interzone. Come on, let's follow. Heave!
C'RIZZ: Oh!

DOCTOR: And then there were three.
KRO'KA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Oh, hello again.
KRO'KA: I see you are continuing on.
DOCTOR: Places to go, people to meet.
KRO'KA: Tardises to find.
DOCTOR: Yes, I hope so.
KRO'KA: Taking a Eutermesan with you, I see.
DOCTOR: Is that a problem?
KRO'KA: For me? No. For you, possibly.
DOCTOR: What does that mean?
KRO'KA: Did you watch out, Doctor? Did you notice the awe with which the Oroog greeted him?
DOCTOR: Come to mention it, yes. Why?
KRO'KA: I can't give you all the answers, Doctor, but I will tell you this. Young C'Rizz, like his beloved L'Da, is very special. In your terms, you might call him a monk. Someone dedicated to nothing but peace and tranquillity.
DOCTOR: The Kromon seemed to change that in him.
KRO'KA: Did they? Did they really? As I saw it, he was fine until he met *you*. Fine until *you* led him to L'Da. Fine until *you* allowed him to kill her.
DOCTOR: Now, hang on. He seemed quite willing to kill Charley when he thought she would be better off dead.
KRO'KA: Didn't he just. Think on that, while you explore your new home. And be very careful. C'Rizz is quite damaged now. Who knows which way he may turn in any given situation? I note that you're very loyal towards your friends, Doctor. But it's not always the safest thing to assume that loyalty is returned. Goodbye.
DOCTOR: Look, why don't you just get out of my head and let me go, hmm? Kro'ka? Kro'ka? Oh, good. Here we go.
KRO'KA: Experiment two point seven oh concluded. Begin experiment three point five six.